

ORIENTAL
T A L E S,
Collected from an
Arabian Manuscript,
IN THE
L I B R A R Y
OF THE
KING of *FRANCE.*

In TWO VOLUMES.

Adorn'd with COPPER PLATES.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

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King of the Netherlands



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THE
T A B L E
OF THE
C O N T E N T S.

IN THE
S E C O N D V O L U M E.

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O R I



ORIENTAL TALES.

THE HISTORY OF NOURGEHAN and DAMAKE; OR THE Four TALISMANS.



Bouali Nabul *, Emperor of the
Moguls, reflecting upon his
great Age, easily apprehended
that he could not long enjoy the
Light of the Sun; he therefore sent for his
VOL. II. B well-

* Great Father.

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well-beloved and only Son *Nourgeban*, and spoke to him thus:

Nourgeban, I leave my Throne to thee; I have this Moment order'd the Draught of Death to be prepar'd for me, and you will soon fill my Place; forget not to do Justice equally to the Poor as to the Rich; be satisfy'd with possessing a flourishing Kingdom; envy not the Dominions of any other Prince; leave every one in Possession of what their Fathers have left to them; in one word, always remember that you must die, and that Clemency and Justice are the noblest Titles of a Sovereign. After having said these Words, without being touch'd with the Tears of *Nourgeban*, he descended from his Throne, made his Son ascend it, and retir'd into a delightful Apartment, where he had passed his happiest Days, took the fatal Draught, and waited with the greatest Tranquillity for the Moment which was to conduct to Heaven his Spotless Soul, free from all the Torments of the least Remorse.

Nourgeban,



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Nourgeban, after having paid all the Honours that Nature and Gratitude could inspire him with to so good a Father, was wholly occupied in fulfilling the last Counsels that he had received from him. His Heart was naturally good, and his Judgment just: But if every Man stands in need of Experience to form his Mind, much more is it necessary to those who are destin'd to Thrones. *Nourgeban*, perswaded of this important Truth, was far from the Presumption too common to Princes. One Day, as he conversed with his Courtiers upon the Subject of Government, he applauded those Kings who had shewn the greatest Love of Justice. *Solomon* was quoted as having been the most just. This Example, replied *Nourgeban*, cannot be alledg'd; *Solomon* was a Prophet, and could easily find Remedies to those Evils which he foresaw; but a common Mortal can only employ his best Endeavours to repair the Faults of his Weakness; therefore I command you all, not only to inform me of all my Duties without Flattery, but also to prevent or repair my Faults by your Counsels.

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When a King testifies a Love for Virtue, all his Subjects become virtuous. As soon as *Nourgeban* had ceased to speak, *Abourazier* rose up and said---Great Prince, if you wish to have Justice truly exercised in your Dominions, you must make Choice of a disinterested Visier, who has only your Glory and the Good of the State in View: The Satisfaction of having done right must be the only Recompence he wishes for. You say well, *Abourazier*, return'd *Nourgeban*, but the Difficulty is to find such a Man. You have, my Lord, replied the Courtier, one of your Subjects whose Moderation and Wisdom made him renounce all publick Employments under the Reign of your illustrious Father; your Majesty perhaps is ignorant of what happen'd to him in the City of *Schiras*. The King having commanded him to inform him of it, *Abourazier* pursued his Discourse in this manner:

Imadil Deulé *, in the last War which we sustain'd against *Persia*, lead our victorious

* The Support and Assistance of Felicity.

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torious Army as far as *Schiras*, which he took, and by a Sentiment of Humanity preserv'd from being plunder'd: His Soldiers, however, demanded a Recompence that might make them Amends for the Booty they would have made; and spoke to him so strongly, that he was obliged to promise it to them, tho' he knew not where he could procure it. One Day as he was in his Palace, thinking of this Demand, he perceived a Serpent creep out of a Hole in the Wall and return into it again; he call'd the Eunuchs of his Harem and said to them---Break open that Hole, and take the Serpent that I saw enter it this Moment. The Eunuchs obey'd him, and found a Vault full of Presses ranged along the Walls, and Chests piled upon each other. They were open'd, and they found them to be fill'd with Sequins, and the Presses heap'd up with the most magnificent Stuffs. *Imadil Deule* returned Thanks to God for this Discovery, and distributed the Treasure to his Soldiers. He afterwards commanded a Taylor to be sent for to make Habits of these Stuffs, with which

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he design'd to recompence the Merits of those Officers who had serv'd under his Command. The most experienc'd Taylor of the City was presented to him, who had always wrought for the late Governor. *Imadil Deule* said to him---Not only thou shalt be well paid if these Habits are carefully made, but I will procure thee a further Recompence, and some Bowls of Caffonnade †. The Taylor, who was deaf of one Ear, apprehending that he was to have the Bastonade, fell a weeping; and imagining it was to demand an Account of the late Governor's Cloaths which he had in his Possession, he declar'd he had only twelve Chests full, and that those who accused him of having more, had not said the Truth. *Imadil Deule* could not forbear smiling at the Effect which Fear had produc'd in the poor Taylor; he caused the Habits to be brought, which were found to be magnificent and entirely new. The only Use he made of them, as well as of the rich Stuffs he found in the Presses, were to cloath and adorn the Officers of his Army;

† A kind of Sherbet mix'd with Honey.

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my: I believe therefore that so disinterested a Man deserves the Confidence of your Majesty. *Abourazier* having ceased to speak, *Nourgehan* said to him---*Imadil Deule* shall not be my Visier; I believe him an honest Man, but he wants Prudence, and I don't think him capable of supporting my Authority; he had the Seals of the Empire, and yet knew not how to order every thing necessary for his Expedition; in a word, his Treasures fail'd him, and his Soldiers presum'd to give him Laws. Without the Accident of the Serpent, which any other Man would have made the same Use of, what would have become of him? The Story of the Taylor is useless, and of no Consequence. *Nourgehan* continu'd to converse with his Courtiers, who often entertained him with Propositions too common to be related. But continually occupy'd with the Love of Justice, and the Desire of reigning well, he often left his Palace at all Hours, to inform himself of the Truth by his own Knowledge. There was an old Potter of Earthen Vessels who inhabited near his Palace.

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Nourgeban, moved by seeing him every Day pray to God with the most ardent and zealous Fervour, stopped one Day before the little Hutt in which he dwelt, and said to him---Ask of me whatever thou desirest, and I promise to grant it thee. Command all your Officers, said the Potter, to take each of them one of my Pots, and pay me for them what I ask, I won't abuse this Permission. *Nourgeban* granted him his Request, and gave Orders to his Guard to watch over the Sale of the Pots, and above all, to do whatever the Potter order'd him. He made a very modest Use of the Favour that he had obtain'd, and satisfy'd with the Sale of his Work, he exacted no more than the Value of them, thinking himself happy in being able to live by his Industry, and wishing that he might give a Proof of his Gratitude to his Sovereign. The Vifier of *Nourgeban* was avaritious; but for fear of displeasing his Master, he concealed that Vice with the utmost Care. He went one Morning to the Emperor's Audience, when the Potter demanded a Sequin for a Pot which he

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he presented to him. The Visier refused it, and said it was a Jest to ask such a Sum for a Thing that the least Coin would sufficiently pay for. The Potter seeing that he added Menaces to his Refusal, answer'd him, That since he took it in that Strain, he demanded a thousand Sequins for his Pot, and added, that he should not enter into the Emperor's Presence till he hung the Pot about his Neck, and carried him upon his Back to have Audience of the Emperor, that he might make his Complaints of the Refusal and Menaces he had given him. The Visier made many Difficulties and great Intreaties to avoid these vexatious and mortifying Conditions; but the Hour approaching which the Emperor had appointed him, and the Guards refusing to let him enter till he had satisfied the Desires of the Potter, he was obliged to submit to them, to promise the thousand Sequins, to hang the Pot about his Neck, and, which was more, to carry the Potter on his Back, a Condition that he would not recede from. The Emperor, surprised at seeing his Visier arrive in a man-

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ner so ridiculous, and so unsuitable to his Dignity, commanded them to tell him what had pass'd ; when he was instructed of it, he oblig'd the Visier to pay the thousand Sequins immediately ; and comprehending of how great Consequence it might be to a Prince to have an avaritious Minister, he deposed him, and was pleased with the Potter for having made known to him a Thing which perhaps but for him he might long have been ignorant of.

Nourgehan establish'd a Counsel which he composed of the most worthy Men of the Empire, ordain'd wise and prudent Laws, and departed to visit his Provinces, with a Resolution of rescuing his People from an Authority which is always dangerous, when those who exercise it are at too great a Distance from the Sovereign. This Prince, endowed with every Virtue, had no other Wish but that of deserving after his Death the noble Epitaph of that *Persian* Monarch, who has only grav'd upon his Tomb, *What Pity that Chah Chuja is dead.*

Nourgehan

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Nourgeban visiting all the Provinces of his Kingdom, had already gone through the greatest Part of them, and remedy'd numberless Disorders, when his Curiosity engag'd him to make a Journey into *Tartary* *, his neighbouring Kingdom. Finding himself so near their Country, he had a Desire to see and to know the Manners of these *Tartars*, who are more civiliz'd than the others, for they have Cities and fix'd Habitations; their Women also are not confin'd like those of the other *Asiaticks*. The *Tartars* knowing the Arrival of the Emperor of the *Moguls*, came to meet him, some of whom performed Courses on their swiftest Horses to do him Honour; others, accompanied with their Women, form'd a kind of Dance, which tho' a little savage, was not destitute of Gracefulness in their Manner. In the Number of the *Tartarian* Women who presented themselves before him, *Nourgehan* was struck with the Beauty of a young Person of

* The Kingdom of *Tangut* lies West of the *Moguls*: It is divided into two Parts; the South is properly call'd *Tangut*, and the North *Thibet*.

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eighteen, named *Damake* †. She reunited in herself, Shape, Mien, Beauty, and an inexpressible Sense and Modesty in her Countenance. *Nourgeban* did Homage to so many Charms, and caused a Place in his Harem to be proposed to her, but she refus'd it; and he would have seduc'd her by considerable Presents, which Offers were not so much as listen'd to. Love but too often causes the greatest Change in the worthiest Characters. This Prince, so wise, and till then so moderate, lead away by his Passion, join'd Menaces to his Intreaties; he even went so far as to say that he would bring a formidable Army thither to obtain a Beauty, whose Refusals did not permit him to hope for her otherwise. He indeed made this rash Speech to *Damake* alone; for if the *Tartars*, who are a People the most jealous of their Liberty, had had the least Knowledge of it, the War would have been that Moment declar'd. But *Damake* still answer'd him with the utmost Sweetness, without shewing the least Fear, and without losing that Respect which she owed

to

† Joy of the Heart.

to a Sovereign; and it was with that gentle, and yet resolved Tone that Courage and Truth always inspire, that she related this little History to him.

One of the great Lama's, said she to him, whose supreme Authority in this Country you are not ignorant of, became in Love (in this very Place) with a Maid of the Tribe that I am of. Not only she refused all that he caused to be offer'd to her, but she would not accept the Proposal he made to marry her; so far was he blinded by his Passion. The Love she had to a Musician, who was not extremely well made neither, was the sole Cause of her Refusal, which she confess'd to the Lama, with a Hope of appearing unworthy of his Attachment. But that Prince, (for they are look'd upon as such) distracted with Anger and Sorrow, caused his unworthy Rival to be put to Death; and under the Pretext of her being agreeable to the Dalay Lama *, it was not difficult

to

* The Dalay Lama passes, in the Opinion of the Tartars of that Canton, for being immortal: He

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to have her carried off. For you are sensible, my Lord, that in this Country every thing trembles at the very Name of him, whom we look upon as a God; but the Lama enjoy'd not much Satisfaction from his Cruelty and Injustice;

for

He lives secluded from the World, without taking any Care of the Temporality of his Dominions: Two powerful Chans of the *Calmucks* furnish him with what is necessary for the Subsistence of his Household. The *Tartars* of his right believe that he never dies, but is renewed like the Moon: This is the Artifice made use of to perswade the People of that Fable. When the Dalay Lama is at the Point of Death, they search through all the Region of *Tangut* for a Lama who resembles him the most, to supply his Place, after they have carefully concealed the Body of the Deceas'd. It is by this Means that they pretend that the Lama has already lived seven hundred Years, and that he will live for ever. All the Princes of *Tartary* who follow his Worship, send him rich Presents before they ascend the Throne, and make frequent Pilgrimages to pay him their Adorations as to the living and true God. He lets himself be beheld in a secret Place of the Convent, illuminated with several Lamps: He never appears but cover'd with Gold and Jewels, rais'd upon a kind of Stage, adorn'd with magnificent Carpets, and seated upon a rich Cushion, with his Legs a-cross after the Manner of the *Tartars*. They prostrate themselves before him, without being permitted to approach him so much as to kiss his Feet. [A Relation of Great Tartary.

for after she had promis'd to yield to the amorous Pursuits of the Lama, in order to obtain a greater Liberty, she precipitated herself from the Top of that Rock which can be perceiv'd from hence, and which is always shewn in the Country as a Proof of the Constancy and Resolution that the *Tartarian* Virgins are capable of.

It is not, continued *Damake*, being prejudic'd in the manner she was, that makes me refuse the Offers of your Majesty, my Heart to this Hour is free, but, my Lord, learn to know it thoroughly. It is noble, and perhaps worthy of the Favour you condescend to honour me with: My weak Charms have seduc'd you; but a Woman who has no other Merit, in my Opinion, is of little Value! Perhaps, return'd *Nourgeban*, the Difference of our Religions is an Obstacle to my Happiness. No, my Lord, I am a Mussulman, resumed *Damake*; Can you imagine I could submit to the Ideas that are given us of the Dalay Lama? Can we believe that a Man is immortal? The Artifice that is made use of to perswade us of it, is too gross; in one word, my Eyes are

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are too much enlighten'd for me to hesitate between the Ideas fomented by these Priests, and those by which the Divinity of God is preached by his most sacred Friend. No, my Lord, continu'd she; but I am sensible of the Risque I shall run by your Goodness to me. Time makes the Nightingale perish, that amiable Bird; it makes the Rose fade, that Flower so charming even in the midst of Thorns; it permits the Moon to shine during the Night, and to darken its Lustre when the Day approaches; the Night forces the Sun to disappear, that King of the World; Time, after having rais'd a Man to the Throne, has often funk him to Poverty and Want. Can I expect, therefore, it should be constant in my Favour alone? Yet, notwithstanding these Reflections, I confess, my Lord, I should be flatter'd with the Thought of pleasing a Man whose Virtues I esteem above his Greatness. But I should wish to please him by other Qualities: I should wish to have render'd myself worthy of him, by Services so considerable, that even a Marriage thus unsuitable, far from exposing

exposing him to Reproaches, should only serve to make his Choice more applauded. Judge then, my Lord, continued she, whether a Person penetrated by the Example I have related, and which I approve, notwithstanding the Contempt the World may have of her, can let herself be seduced by insinuating Offers, or subdu'd by Violence. *Nourgeban* charm'd at finding such uncommon Sense, and such delicate Sentiments, in an Object whose Figure alone could have render'd her amiable, admir'd her Virtue, gave her his Royal Promise never to constrain her, and resolved never to depart from her. He sent a numerous Train of Slaves and Camels to the beauteous *Damake*, who followed him with all her Family. She would never have consented to this Step, if she had been oblig'd to abandon Friends to whom she was attach'd, and whose Presence might prevent the least Attempt against her Reputation. The King saw her every Day, and cou'd not be a Moment without wishing to see her, or without admiring her when he did see her. In the mean time, the Discourses

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fes of the Court and of the Populace reach'd the Ears of *Damake*; she knew the wrong Opinion they had of her. To repair this Inconvenience, she resolv'd to remove this Opinion, and to prejudice their Minds in favour of her. With this Design she conjur'd *Nourgeban* to assemble all the learned Men of his Kingdom, that she might answer their Questions, and afterwards propose her's to them. *Nourgeban*, who dreaded lest a Person so young as *Damake* should expose herself too hastily, and return with Confusion from such a Dispute, used his utmost Efforts to dissuade her from her Request; for the Fear and Concern that is felt for what we love, is most certainly far stronger than what interests us for ourselves. His Remonstrances were in vain. The learned Men were assembled to the Number of Twelve; and in the Audience that was given them, the King was placed upon an elevated Throne, in his Habits of Ceremony; *Damake* was seated lower, opposite to him, leaning upon a Sopha, dress'd with the greatest Plainness, but shining with every Charm of Youth, and every

every Gift of Nature, surrounded by the twelve Sages, venerable by their extreme Age, and their flowing Beards, leaning upon a large Table, round which they and she were seated. The Sages, who knew not with what Design *Nourgeban* had assembled them, were extremely astonish'd when he made known to them the Project of *Damake* : They look'd upon the Adversary which was presented them, and kept Silence, not doubting but the King did it with a Design of Contempt. *Nourgeban* said to them, I perceive your Thoughts, but I have given my Royal Promise, and 'tis your Business to acquit me of it. Propose boldly the hardest Questions to this Beauty, who has engag'd to resolve all the Difficulties that your great Learning gives you the Opportunity of proposing to her. Then one of the Sages speaking, and addressing himself to *Damake*, said to her, What is that which is confin'd, and yet pleases the whole World, whose Head is fill'd with Fire, its Body with Water, and whose Back is in the Air.

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Damake reply'd, without Hesitation,
'Tis a Bath. The Sage felt a Confusion,
and *Nourgeban* a Transport of Joy.

The second Sage demanded, What is that Thing which takes the Colour of them who look upon it, which Men cannot do without, and which of itself has neither Body nor Colour?

It is the Water, reply'd *Damake* again.

The third said to her, Can you, oh Miracle of Sense and Beauty, tell me what is the Thing which has neither Door nor Foundation, and which is within fill'd with yellow and white.

It is an Egg, said that beauteous Moon of Felicity.

The fourth Sage, after having consider'd a little, in hopes of surpassing his Brethren, (for the learned Men in the *Mogul* have a Share of Self-Love) said to her, There is in a certain Garden a Tree, this Tree bears twelve Branches, upon

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upon each Branch there are thirty Leaves, and upon each Leaf there are five Fruits, of which three are in the Shade and two in the Sun: What is this Tree? And where is it to be found?

This Tree, return'd *Damake*, represents the Year, the twelve Branches are the Months, the thirty Leaves the Days, the five Fruits the five Prayers, of which two are made by Day, and three by Night. The Sage remain'd confus'd, and the Courtiers whose Minds vary like the Air, and whose Sentiments are chang'd by what is less than nothing, began to be inwardly perswaded of the Value of what they had at first only pretended to admire.

The other Sages, who had not yet spoke, would have excus'd themselves, and made their Silence be passed over in favour of the Applauses they gave to the uncommon Sense of her who had confounded those who preceded them. But *Nourgehan*, at the Intreaty of *Damake*, having commanded them to continue

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nue the Conference : One of them demanded, *What was heavier than a Mountain ?* The other, *What was more cutting than a Sabre ?* And the third, *What was swifter than an Arrow ?* *Damake*, with an equal Presence of Mind, answer'd, that the first was the *Tongue of a Man that complains of Oppression* ; the second, *Calumny* ; and the third, *A Look*. There were four Sages remaining who had not yet propos'd their Difficulties. *Nourgehan* trembled, lest at length the Mind of *Damake* should be exhausted, and she should lose the Honour of so great a Number of judicious Answers. Yet this beautiful Moon of the World appeared neither fatigu'd nor exalted, with what would have rais'd the Vanity of the greatest Part of Mankind. But the very Property of Love being to submit to the Will of what it loves, *Nourgehan* whom the preceding Examples had not yet reassur'd, full of Alarms and Inquietudes, commanded them to speak by a Sign of his Head, which they durst not refuse. The first demanded of her, *What that Animal was which avoided every body,*
was

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was compos'd of seven different Animals,
and inhabited in desolate Places.

The second desir'd to know who that was, whose Habit was arm'd with Darts, who wore a black Vest, a yellow Shirt, whose Mother lived above a Hundred Years, and who was liked by the whole World ?

The third desir'd her to name that, which had but one Foot, which had a Hole in its Head, a Leathern Girdle, and which rais'd up its Head when its Hairs were torn off, and its Face was spit upon,

The fourth added the following Question.

What Woman is that, who is above a Hundred Years old, who lies in every Year of above a thousand Daughters, tho' she has no Husband, who throws out Poison whenever she opens her Mouth, whilst Honey flows from the Lips of her Children ?

Damake answer'd to the first, That it
was

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was a Grashopper, which is composed of seven Animals : For it has the Head of a Horse, the Neck of an Ox, the Wings of an Eagle, the Feet of a Camel, the Tail of a Serpent, the Horns of a Stag, and the Body of a Scorpion.

This Beauty found it more difficult to answer the Question of the second ; for a Moment the whole Assembly thought her vanquish'd. This Idea, which she perceived in the Eyes of all who look'd upon her, made her blush : She appear'd only still more beautiful ; and *Nourgeban* was charm'd when he saw the Sage who had propos'd the Question, agree, that she had answer'd with her usual Justness, when she said, that it was a Chesnut. She answer'd the third without Hesitation, that it was a Distaff ; and was not longer in assuring the fourth, that the Subject of his Enigma was a Fig-Tree.

So much Knowledge, so much Presence of Mind, join'd to such uncommon personal Charms, threw all Minds into so pleasing a Confusion, that notwithstanding

withstanding the Awe that the Presence of *Nourgeban* must inspire, they all loudly express'd the Joy, the Admiration, and the Pleasure they felt at being Witnesses of so uncommon a Scene. *Damake* then made a Sign that she desired now to speak. Silence was commanded, and she desired the Sages to inform her, what was sweeter than Honey ?

Some of them answer'd, That it was the Satisfaction of enjoying our Wishes; some that of Gratitude; and some alledg'd, it was the Pleasure of conferring Obligations.

When *Damake* had let them speak a sufficient Time, she applauded all the reasonable and just Thoughts they had made use of; but she finish'd her Discourse by asking them with Gentleness, if she was mistaken when she imagin'd the sweetest thing upon Earth to be, *The Love of a Mother to her Child.*

An Answer so suitable to her Sex, who ought always to appear attach'd to their
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Duty, and propos'd with so much Modesty, intirely finish'd the Conquest of their Hearts. But *Damake* who had no other Design upon this Occasion but to conciliate their Esteem, and authorize the Favours that *Nourgeban* honour'd her with, was resolv'd to finish a Scene which she did not design to repeat, resolving for the future to be occupy'd with Schemes and Ideas of a higher Kind. *Damake* then caus'd Instruments to be brought, and sung and play'd in all the different Modes of Musick, and finish'd by singing in the famous Strain of *Zeagbioule* the following Song, which she accompanied with the utmost Grace.

I am never satisfied with seeing what I love: If I am separated from it I shall die with Sorrow. My Heart and my Bosom inflam'd with my Love, must be consum'd by the Fire of our Separation. He is always present in my Mind, and his Name is for ever in my Mouth: I cannot live without his Presence: His Love and his Charms are the Source and Essence of my Being.

Nour-

Nourgeban, in those Transports of Joy which are given by the repeated Successes of what one loves, dismissed the whole Assembly, but not without making some large Presents to the Sages ; and when they were all retir'd, he threw himself at the Knees of *Damake*, saying, Thou art the Flambeau of my Heart, and the Life of my Soul, haste thee to make me happy. This Beauty of the Heavens answer'd, That she was not yet worthy of him. What can you require farther, cry'd the passionate Prince ? You have charm'd my whole Court ; you have confounded the Learning of the Men most celebrated for their Wisdom and their Science : The Justness of your Answers, the Moderation of your Question, and the Modesty with which you bore the Advantage of so great a Triumph, have dazzled them. Not satisfy'd with having prov'd your Sense, what Talents did not you shew when you touch'd the musical Instruments ! What a Taste did you express in your Song ! Who ever, like *Damake*, join'd such Merit to so much

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Beauty ! But I perceive it, you love me not, said this passionate Prince with the utmost Tenderness, since you refuse to attach your Destiny to mine ; doubtless you have an Aversion for my Person. I am very far from deserving this Reproach, my Lord, said this Beauty of Beauties, you yourself shall be my Judge. The greatest Pleasure and the highest Satisfaction I have felt on this Day, which your Prejudice in my Favour has made you think so glorious, was the being able to express before the whole Court, in a proper Manner, the Sentiments with which you have fill'd my Heart, by the Song of the celebrated *Enevers**. What can you wait for farther to render me the happiest Man upon Earth, cry'd *Nourgeban* with Eagerness ? You love me, and I adore you. What wants there more ? My Wishes for you are become an Ocean unbounded by any Shore. I resolve to deserve you, my Lord, reply'd she, by Talents of more Value than those of Musick, by a Justness of Sense more useful than that which your Sages set such a Price upon, and which is only a Subtil-

* One of the most celebrated *Persian* Poets.

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ty of Mind more glaring than essential. I wish to establish myself in your Heart upon Foundations more solid than Beauty, or those superficial Talents that you have had the Goodness to applaud : In fine, I wish that Love may in you only be a Passage to that Esteem and Friendship which I aspire to deserve : Submit your Impatience to grant me this Favour ; it perhaps gives me more Pain to ask it, than your Majesty to grant it : Let me then live some Time under the Shadow of your Felicity. I am capable of nothing now, reply'd *Nourgehan*, but loving and adoring you ; but at least, added he, permit me to give a full Proof of the Justice I do your Merit ; assist in the Divan, preside in all Affairs, and give me your Counsels, I can follow none that are more prudent, or better judg'd. The Diamond had boasted, reply'd *Damake*, that there was no Stone which equall'd it in Strength and Hardness ; God, who loves not Pride, chang'd its Nature in favour of Lead, the vilest of Metals, to which it gave the Power to cut it. Independently of the Pride I must

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render myself guilty of, if I accepted your obliging Offers, pursu'd this fair Rose of Beauty, God forbid that I should do that Wrong to my Sovereign Lord, to authorize by my Behaviour the Reproaches that would be thrown upon him: There would be a Foundation to say that he was govern'd by a Woman. I allow, added she, that your Majesty ought to have a Visier; you cannot see every thing with your own Eyes, and I believe I am able to shew one worthy of Nourgehan. Name him to me, reply'd he, and I will give him the Charge this Moment. Your Majesty, reply'd the beauteous *Damake*, must know him before you accept him. I hope you will find in him, whom I propose, those Virtues and Talents necessary in a Man dignify'd with so great an Employment. He is retir'd into the City of *Balk*, and is named *Diafer*. The Post of Visier to one of the most powerful Kings of the *Indies*, has been preserv'd in his Family above a thousand Years; judge then, my Lord, what a Collection of admirable Memorials he must have upon all Parts

Parts of Government ; and yet a Prince, blinded by the pernicious Counsels of his Favourites, has deposed him, and he passes his Days at *Balk* ; Days which might be happy if he had not lived in a Habitude of Labour, and a Hurry of great Affairs, which seldom leave the Mind at Liberty to be satisfy'd with any Thing less tumultuous. *Nourgeban* immediately reply'd, *Diafer* is my Visier ; *Damake* can never be mistaken. Upon the Spot he wrote to the Governor of *Balk*, and sent him a Note for a Hundred Thousand Sequins, to be deliver'd to *Diafer*, to defray the Expences of his Journey ; and he charg'd the same Courier with a Letter for him, in which he conjur'd him to accept the Post which he had destin'd him for. *Diafer* began his Journey ; he was received with Magnificence in every City, and the Emperor sent all the Noblemen of his Court to meet him, and conduct him to the Palace which he had destin'd for him in the Kingdom of *Visiapour*, where he then resided. He was treated there with incredible Magnificence during three Days ; after

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after which he was conducted to an Audience of the Prince : He appear'd at the Height of Joy for possessing a Man whom *Damake* esteem'd so highly ; but that Joy was of no long Duration : For that Prince, who was so gracious, and so prejudic'd in his Favour, flew into the most dreadful Anger the Moment he appear'd in his Presence. Go, said he to him, vanish this Moment, and never see me again. *Diafer* obey'd, and retir'd in all the Confusion, the Sorrow, and the Surprize, that such a Reception must give him : He return'd into his Apartment, without being able to imagine the Cause of the King's Anger, who, in the mean time, held a Council, and examin'd the Affairs of his Kingdom, without taking any Notice of what had pass'd with him whom he had destin'd to be his Viceroy. He afterwards repair'd to the Apartment of *Damake*, who, already inform'd of an Event which employ'd the Thoughts of the whole Court, doubted not but there was an Alteration in the Mind of him to whom she was so perfectly attach'd. The Sorrow which this

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Reflection had given her, had plung'd her into a Situation so languishing, as scarce left her the Use of Speech. Yet making an Effort to conquer herself, she said to him, after some Moments Silence, How is it possible, my Lord, that after all the Expences you have been at, and all the Cares you took for the Arrival of *Diafer* at your Court, after all the Honours you have order'd to be paid him, and those that you have loaded him with, you should receive him so ill? Ah! *Damake*, cry'd *Nourgeban*, I should have had no Regard to all that I have done for him, to the Illustriousness of his Family, nor to the Fatigues that he has suffer'd in coming so far, if any other but you had recommended him to me; I would have had his Head struck off the Moment he presented himself before me, and it was wholly in regard to you that I satisfy'd myself with banishing him from my Presence for ever. But how did he incur your Indignation, pursu'd *Damake*? Know then, resum'd *Nourgeban*, that when he came up to me, he had the most subtle of Poisons about him.

May

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May I ask you, my Lord, return'd *Damake*, what Certainty you have of such a Fact ; and if you may not doubt of the Fidelity of him who made you the Report. *Nourgeban* reply'd, I knew it from myself, I permit you to enquire into it, and you will find whether I was mistaken or no. When *Nourgeban* had left *Damake* more reassur'd as to the Heart of the Emperor, though alarm'd at the Impressions he was capable of taking so lightly, she sent for *Diafer*, who appear'd sunk with the most violent Chagrin : She convers'd with him for some Time, and perceiving how deeply the ill Treatment he had receiv'd from the King had plung'd the Poniard of Sorrow into his Heart, she said to him, that he ought not to afflict himself so much ; that the Wrath of *Nourgeban* would be of no long Duration, and that he would soon repair the Affront that he had given him : She added, that Princes had their Moments that ought to be pass'd by and excus'd. When she had a little calm'd his Chagrin, she finish'd her Discourse by saying to him, If I have deserv'd your Con-

Confidence, if you believe that I shall endeavour to repair the Affront you have suffer'd, since I, by doing Justice to your Talents, was the innocent Cause of what has happen'd to you ; if I deserve any Return from you, vouchsafe to inform me why you had Pois'on about you when you were presented to *Nourgeban*? *Diafer* surpriz'd at this Question, after having reflected some Moments, reply'd, 'Tis true, I had it with me, but my Heart, though I bore it about me, was as pure as the Dew of the Morning ; I even have it now that I speak to you : Saying this he drew a Ring from off his Finger, and presented it to her : The Setting of this Ring, said he, encloses a most subtle Pois'on ; it is a Treasure that has been preserv'd in our Family from Father to Son these Thoufand Years ; my Ancestors have always worne it, to preserve themselves from the Anger of those Princes they serv'd, in case they should have had the Misfortune to displease them in the Exercise of their Post of Vifier. You may believe, continu'd he, that the King fending for me, wholly

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unknown to him, to exercise that Charge, and conscious of the Enemies a Stranger generally meets with, I would not forget to bring this Treasure. The Sorrow that the cruel Behaviour of *Nourgehan* has given me, and the Shame that he has cover'd me with, renders it still more precious to me, as it shall not be long before I make Use of it. *Damake* obtained from him that he should suspend, at least for some Days, his fatal Design, and conjur'd him to wait in his Palace till he heard from her.

She immediately repair'd to give an Account to *Nourgehan* of what she had learn'd. That Prince perceiving by her Relation that *Diafer* had no ill Design, and that the Cruelty of Princes in general authoriz'd but too justly such a Precaution, repented that he had received him so unworthily, and promis'd *Damake* the next Day to make Amends for the Pain he had given him. She approv'd this Design; but before she quitted him, she conjur'd him to satisfy her Curiosity, by informing her how he could perceive

perceive the Poison which *Diafer* in effect had with him. *Nourgeban* reply'd, Never will I have any thing concealed from the Sovereign of my Heart; I always wear a Bracelet, pursued he, which my Father left me, and which has long been in our Family, tho' I am ignorant of the Name of the Sage who compos'd it, or how it fell into the Hands of my Ancestors. It is of a Matter that nearly resembles Coral, and has the Property of discovering Poison, even at a very great Distance. It is moved and agitated whenever it approaches; and when *Diafer* came near me, the Bracelet was very nigh breaking, the Poison which he bore had so much Strength and Violence. Had he not been recommended by you, continu'd he, his Head should have been struck off that Moment; I was the more certain that *Diafer* bore that dangerous Poison, as my Bracelet remained immoveable immediately upon his leaving the Hall where I gave Audience. *Nourgeban* loos'd it from his Arm and gave it to *Damake*. She examin'd it with great Attention, and said to him—This Talisman,

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man, my Lord, is doubtless very wonderful ; yet this Adventure ought to prove to you, how much those who have the sovereign Power are oblig'd to be upon their Guard against Appearances, and of what Consequence it is for them not to give Judgment rashly. *Damake* retir'd, and *Nourgeban* commanded the greatest Pomp, and the most splendid Train to conduct *Diafer* the next Day to Audience. This Order was executed ; *Nourgeban* receiv'd him with the utmost Affability, and testify'd the greatest Regret for what had pass'd. Then there was presented to him, by his Command, a Standish of Gold, a Pen and Paper. Immediately he wrote in the beautifullest Characters the most sublime Sentences, upon the manner in which a Vifier ought to behave himself in his important Post. *Nourgeban* admir'd his Talents, made him cloath himself in the Robe of a Vifier, and to crown his Goodness, confided to him the Secret of his Bracelet. *Diafer* strenuously advised that Prince never to part with it ; and in his Admiration, and the Pleasure he felt at possessing so great

great a Treasure, he ask'd his new Visier if he believ'd that through the whole World there could be found any Thing so curious? Great Prince, reply'd *Diafer* to him, I have seen in the City of *Dioul* another Miracle of Nature, less useful indeed, but which for the Strength of Art and Learning with which a Sage has compos'd it, may be compar'd to this. What is it, returned *Nourgehan*, I should be glad to be inform'd of it. Then *Diafer* spoke thus :

When I had receiv'd your Majesty's Command to repair to your Presence, I departed, and was oblig'd to make some Stay at *Dioul*, through which I pass'd in my Way to *Visiavour*, where I knew I might join your Majesty. Notwithstanding my Impatience, I was oblig'd to collect several Things which were necessary to me in my Journey, and made Use of that Time to view the Beauties of the City. The Governor, whose Riches and Opulence astonish'd me, came to meet me on the Day of my Arrival, and conducted me to his Palace; he loaded me with

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with Honour, and, during my Residence there, shew'd me the utmost Respect and Favour; yet it was accompany'd with a Constraint that render'd his Fidelity suspected by me. Among the Amusements that he procur'd for me, he engag'd me to a Party upon the River; I consented to it, and we embark'd the next Day in a small Frigate which he had provided with that Design: The Weather was as we could wish, and the Conversation most agreeable. The Governor of *Dioul* was seated on the upper Deck, and I was placed close to him; a young Boy, beautiful as the Sun, lay at his Feet; the most exquisite Wines were serv'd upon a Table which stood before us; their Coldness and that of the Ice, with which all the Fruits were surrounded, contributed to the most seducing Voluptuousness, whenever the beauteous Slaves gave Leisure to think upon any thing besides their Charms, and the Skill with which they sung, and play'd upon different Instruments. Our Pleasure was thus accompany'd with every thing that could render it delicious; and as I was thinking upon something to say that might be agreeable to

to the Governor, I perceiv'd upon his Finger so magnificent a Ruby, that I could not forbear giving it the Praises it deserv'd. The Governor immediately drew off his Ring and presented it to me; I examin'd it with Attention, and return'd it to him again, and had all imaginable Trouble to make him take it: But seeing that I absolutely refus'd to keep it, he was so concern'd that he threw it into the River. I repented then that I had not accepted so perfect a Work of Nature, and testify'd my Sorrow to the Governor, who answer'd me, That it was my own Fault. Yet, continu'd he, if you will promise me to accept it, it won't be difficult for me to find this Ring again, which is really deserving of your Acceptance. I imagin'd that having another not unlike it, he design'd to offer me that; but without saying any more to me, he immediately commanded they should steer the Vessel to the Land. When he was arriv'd there, he sent his Slave to his Treasurer to demand such a small Casket as he describ'd to him, and cast Anchor to wait the Return of the Slave, who was expedi-

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expeditious in executing the Orders he had receiv'd ; and the Governor having taken out of his Pocket a small Gold Key, open'd the Casket, out of which he took a small Fish of the same Metal, and of admirable Workmanship, and threw it into the River. Immediately it plung'd to the Bottom, and soon after appear'd upon the Surface of the Water, holding the Ring in its Mouth. The Rowers who were in the Boat took it in their Hands and brought it to the Governor, to whom it deliver'd the Ring with a Motion of its Head ; no other Person could have forc'd it from its Teeth. The Governor again presenting it to me, I could not refuse it, especially as he redoubled his Entreaties. The Fish was replaced in the little Casket, and sent back to the Treasury.

Diafer, after having related this History, drew the Ring from off his Finger, and presented it to *Nourghban*, who finding it to be extremely magnificent, said to him, Never part from this Ring, which is still more uncommon by the Virtue

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Virtue of the Talisman which render'd you the Possessor of it, than by its natural Beauty. But, continu'd he, you ought to have inform'd yourself at what Time, how, and by whom that wonderful Masterpiece of Art was compos'd. I us'd my utmost Efforts to be informed in it, reply'd *Diafer*, but they were in vain; and struck with so singular an Event, I thought no more of the Pleasures of the Day. The Governor perceiving that I fell into a deep Reverie, said to me, Life is short, make Use of every Moment, and enjoy every Pleasure. The Soul is a Bird imprison'd in the Cage of the Body, which it must soон quit; rejoice while it is in your Power, you know not who shall exist To-morrow. I confessed to him that Curiosity had penetrated my Heart; he reply'd, I am in Despair that I cannot satisfy you, and pronounc'd these Words with a Tone that express'd his Design of not giving a more particular Answer. Let us think only of amusing ourselves agreeably, continu'd he. I follow'd his Counsels as much as it was in my Power, and departed from *Dioul* without

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without being able to have any Ecclairsfement from the Governor upon that Article; but fully periwaded that this Talisman was the Source of all the Treasures which he possesses.

Nourgeban terminated the Audience of *Diafer* by assuring him of his Favour, if he us'd his utmost Care in the Administration of Justice; he afterwards gave an Account to *Damake* of the Conversation he had held with his Visier, and made her a Recital of the History of the Fish. I have a Love to these Talismans, said that Prince, and this little Fish gives me an extreme Curiosity, and I wish at least I knew the Author of it. That shining Star of the Firmament promis'd him to use her utmost Efforts to inform him of it. In effect, the next Day *Damake* instrusted him, that of all the Talismans which the great *Seidel-Beckir* had made, there subsisted only four, his Bracelet, the little Fish which *Diafer* had spoke to him of, and which she presented to him from the Governor of *Dioul*, adding, that he had just sent it as a Present to your

your Majesty, in order to obtain a Life which he had deserv'd to lose, your faithful Subjects having taken him in Arms against you. The third, a Poniard, very meanly adorn'd, which she beg'd him to accept. The others, continu'd she, are either worn out, (for you know, my Lord, they are only establish'd for a certain Time) or have been destroy'd by different Accidents. Why did the Governor of *Dioul*, resumed *Nourgehan*, conceal from *Diafer* that *Seidel-Beckir* was the Author of that which he possess'd. He was ignorant of it, my Lord, interrupted *Damake*; and perhaps asham'd of not knowing it, he feign'd it to be a Secret, as is the Nature of Mankind who cover their Ignorance by an Affectation of Mystery. But what is the Virtue of this Talisman that you offer me, said *Nourgehan*, as he accepted the Poniard? I shall inform you of it, my Lord, continu'd *Damake*, at the same time that I give you an Account of what I have been able to learn concerning the Fish. It may be about three thousand Years since there appear'd in this Part of *Asia*, where we inhabit,

habit, a Man named *Houna*, who was so great that he was furnam'd *Seidel-Beckir*. He was a Sage, who possessed in Perfection all those Talents which acquire a general Veneration. The Science of Talismans he possess'd in so eminent a Degree, that by their Means he commanded the Stars and the Constellations. Unhappily his Writings are lost, and therefore no Talismans like his can now be made. *Antinmour*, King of *Indostan*, having found Means to acquire a Friendship with him, *Seidel-Beckir* in return for his Sentiments, and some small Services that he had done him, made him a Present of that small Fish, of which your Viceroy gave you an Account, and it always remained in the Treasury of *Antinmour* as long as his Family subsisted. One of the Ancestors of the Governor of *Dioul* finding himself the Viceroy of the last of that Race, when the Family was extinct by those Revolutions which the History of the *Indies* relates at length, and which are universally known, seiz'd upon this Curiosity, and his Successors have kept it with the utmost Care till this Time. Not only

only this Talisman fetches back whatever is fallen into a River, or the Sea, to the Person to whom it belongs, but if you indicate to it any thing to be brought out of that Element, it goes in Search of it with the greatest Exactitude, and brings it to where it is commanded. I am fully satisfy'd, reply'd *Nourgeban*, as to the two Talismans, and never Prince was Possessor of such Treasures; I may now truly stile myself the Sovereign of the Sea. What do I not owe to thee, the Ruler of my Soul! But of what Use is this which the beauteous *Damake* has presented to me? My Lord, reply'd she, when I instruct you for what Reason it was compos'd, you will know its Virtue.

We read in the Revolutions of *Indostan*, that *Antinmour* would have unjustly exacted a Tribute from *Keiramour*, who was too weak to resist the Forces of his Enemy; and not knowing to whom else to have Recourse, he resolv'd to address himself to the Sage *Seidel-Beckir*, and sent his Vizier to him with magnificent Presents. The Sage refused them; but he was

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was so touch'd with the Situation to which the King, his Friend, was reduc'd, that he declar'd *Antinmour* should not succeed in his Designs. Immediately he compos'd this very Poniard which I have now presented to my Sovereign, said *Damake*, and gave it to the Vifier. Tell your Master from me, said he, to chuse out twenty of the bravest Soldiers of his Kingdom, and deliver the Poniard into the Hands of him who commands them. This Poniard, added he, has the Virtue (when it is drawn) to render invisible not only the Person who bears it, but all those whom he designs should anticipate the Virtue of the Talisman; his Will alone decides the Effect of it. *Keiramour* shall send these twenty Persons to *Antinmour*, with a Letter, in which he shall refuse to pay the Tribute that is demanded of him. *Antinmour*, in the Excess of his Anger, shall order the Ambassadors to be seiz'd. Then the Law of Nations being violated, he who bears the Poniard shall render himself invisible by drawing it with one Hand, and his Sabre with the other; and his Troop following his Example, and doing

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doing the same, he shall obey, without Hesitation, the Dictates of his Courage.

The Vifier returned to *Keiramour*, and all that *Seidel-Beckir* had commanded was executed. The Son of the King was charg'd with the Command and the Execution of this great Enterprize. *Antinmour* became enrag'd at the reading of the Letter that was presented to him. Let this insolent Ambassador be seiz'd, cried he, this Moment. Then the Prince, hastily drawing out his Poniard and his Sabre, struck off the Head of *Antinmour*. His Train did the same to all those who compos'd the Divan; and running directly into the City, an Infinity of Heads were seen to fly off, without knowing who caus'd this dreadful Disorder. After this great Execution, the Ambassador and his Train made themselves visible, and declar'd to the People in the public Square, that there was no other Method of avoiding a certain Death, but to submit to the Government of *Keiramour*, which they did without Reluctance. This, Poniard, continu'd *Damake*, has

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been long kept in the Treasury of the Princes of that Country; by little and little in Time its Value was forgot, and the Remembrance of its uncommon Property totally lost; and when your Majesty desir'd an Explication of the Talismans, I found that this was at *Balsora* in the Possession of a poor *Jew*, a Broker, who sells upon the Bridge of that City all the old Iron and useless Weapons that are left off: It was not difficult to procure me the Possession of it, therefore it was no Merit to give my Sovereign Lord a Talisman which would be absolutely useless to me, whilst the Destiny of Monarchs may unfortunately render such Precautions necessary to them. *Nourgeban* made a thousand Exclamations upon the boundless Ocean of her Liberality, and said to her,---Sovereign of my Heart, reflect upon what you have said to me; consider that if these Talismans, valuable in themselves, but mean in Comparison of you, have excited my Curiosity, how much greater must be that which you give me! No, all the Sages, *Seidel Beckir* himself, never compos'd a Talisman so wonderful

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derful as you are: Yesterday you knew not a single Word of the History of the Talismans; To-day you are perfectly instructed in it. This Poniard, said he, pointing to it, was not four and twenty Hours since at *Balsora*; notwithstanding the great Distance we are from that City, you have presented it to me this Moment! Are you not the Daughter of *Seidel-Beckir*; or are you not a Sage yourself! *Damako* blush'd at this Discourse; and *Nourgeban* again pressing her to speak, she said to him---What can procure more Speed in finding out what is desir'd by the Object beloved, than the Dictates inspir'd by that Passion? But I ought not, nor will not conceal any thing from you.

Not long after my Mother had brought me into the World, she was seated at the Foot of a Palm-Tree, enjoying with me the Coolness of the Morning, without any other Thought than that of returning by her tender Kisses my innocent Caresses; when in a Moment she perceiv'd herself surrounded by a numerous Court who attended a Queen, beautiful, maje-

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stick, magnificently dress'd, and who had herself also an Infant in her Arms. Notwithstanding the Pomp of her Train, and all the Grandeur of Royalty, she careſſ'd me, young as I was, and after ſome Moment's Stay, the Queen ſaid to my Mother,---This Child whom you ſee in my Arms, and who is mine, is abſolutely oblig'd to taste the Milk of a Mortal, it being a Command laid upon us by the moſt high God, and I cannot find one more moſt, more wiſe, nor whose Milk is purer; do me the Pleaſure, therefore, added ſhe, to let my Infant ſuck for ſome Moſtents. My Mother conſented to it with Pleaſure; and the Queen, in Return for her Complaifance, ſaid to her, ---Whenev'er you have any Sorrow, or any Deſire, come to the Foot of a Male Palm-Tree, cut a Leaf from off it, burn it, and call for me; I am named the *Peri Malikatada*, and I will haſte imme‐diately to your Aſſiſtance; I grant alſo the ſame Power to your little Girl when ſhe attains the Age of Reaſon. My Mother, continu'd *Damake*, never importun'd the *Peri* but for the Care of my Education; and

and I, my Lord, before I knew you, had never address'd myself to her, who knew no Desire, nor had my Heart form'd any Wish. From that Time, said she blushing, I fear I have fatigued her, so many Troubles and Inquietudes have seiz'd upon my Soul : It was she, as you will judge, who made *Diafer* known to me, who dictated to me the Answers I gave the Sages, who inform'd me of the Talismans, and deliver'd this to me. It was she likewise who caus'd the Governor of *Dioul* to be arrested, and who demands his Life of you in Return for the Golden Fish which I have given you from him; she also would have given me—

Go on, beauteous *Damake*, said *Nourgeban* with Tenderness; if you love me, can you conceal any thing from me? She would have given me, resumed *Damake*, a Talisman of her Composition that should force you always to love me, but I refus'd it; Can there be any happy Talisman in Love but the Heart? *Nourgeban*, struck to the Soul with so many Virtues, and such Proofs of her Attachment to him, would no longer defer his

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Happiness. He immediately caused his whole Court, and all the Grandees of his Kingdom to be assembled.---I may boast with Reason, said he to them, that I am the most happy Prince upon Earth; I possess a Bracelet which preserves me from all Fear of Poison; all the Treasures of the Sea are mine by the Means of a Fish, which, at my Command, will fetch them from the Bottom of the Waves: This is a Present which *Damake* has made me; what Princess is there who could have brought me such a Dower? That is not all, she has given me this Poniard, which renders who I please invisible: The Proof that I can make before your Eyes of this magnificent Talisman, will convince you of the Virtue of the Golden Fish, which it would be more tedious and difficult to tell you of; then he drew his Poniard and disappear'd from their Sight. The Astonishment of the Spectators was not yet dissipated, when he disappear'd with all his military Officers, and said to his Magistrates, Do you see such a General, such an Officer that has serv'd so long in my Army? To every Question

Question they answer'd, No. He ceas'd then to be visible to the Eyes of his Warriors, and disappear'd with his Vifiers and all the Doctors of the Law, designing by that Means to convince them fully, and leave no room for Jealousy and Suspicion. Return Thanks then with me, added he, to the most high God and his holy Prophet, who have made me the most powerful Prince upon Earth: He perform'd his Action of Thanks with a Fervor worthy of the Bounty which Heaven had shewn him, and all his Courtiers follow'd his Example. When he had fulfilled that important Duty, he said to them, The greatest Vice of the human Heart is certainly Ingratitude; it is to *Damake* that I owe these powerful Treasures; her Beauty alone, her Merit, and her Virtue, would deserve the Gratitude I shall my whole Life preserve for her; but Gratitude ought to be accompanied with the Effects of it, I will therefore this Day unite her to me for ever. All the Court and the Grandees applauded his Choice; and *Nourgeban* having command-ed *Damake* to be brought, she appear'd

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with all those modest Graces that Nature had adorn'd her with. When the Prince had given her his Hand in Presence of the Great Iman, *Damake*, who had prostrated herself before him, said with an audible Voice, When I gave an Account of the Talismans of the great *Seidel-Beckir*, I inform'd you, my Lord, that there were four still subsisting in the World ; you have yet but three. Have I not Riches enough in possessing thee, return'd *Nour-gehan*? Thou art reckon'd perhaps for the fourth, but they are not all of half thy Value. No, my Lord, resumed *Damake*, casting her Eyes upon the Ground, and presenting him with a Ring, This was wanting. This Ring of Steel gives you a Power of penetrating into the Secrets of every Heart. Others, in my Place, might look upon this Talisman as a Danger, but I shall look upon it as a Blessing, if you still condescend to interest yourself in the Sentiments that you have for ever grav'd in mine ; and if I have the Misfortune not to deserve that interesting Curiosity, it will at least make known to you, without any Doubts, the Charac-

Characters and the Fidelity of your Subjects.

At that Instant the *Peri Malikatada* appear'd with her whole Court, and desir'd the King to pass into a Garden, which by her Power, and that of the Genies, she had adorn'd with exquisite Taste and Magnificence. She honour'd the Nuptials with her Presence, and *Nourgebani* lived happily, more happy in the Love and Counsels of *Damake*, than in all the Talismans upon Earth, if he could have join'd them to those which he possessed.

Moradbak having ceased to speak, *Hud-jadge* said to her, These were glorious Presents; a Woman who could bring such in Marriage, might easily chuse her Husband. *Damake* was happy, reply'd *Moradbak*, in having the Protection of a *Peri*, who put her in a Situation to prove her Sentiments in a manner that could not be doubted of.

I should not set such a Value as may be imagin'd upon all these Talismans,

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said *Hudjadge* ; there must be a dreadful Fear of Poison always to wear the Bracelet, and that Fear is itself the most cruel Poison. I should be very little sensible of the Treasures which the Fish procur'd me ; I don't love such easy Acquisitions : The Number and the Valour of my Troops would be of more Service than the Poniard ; and the Ring would only serve to shew me that nobody in my Court is good for any thing. Tell me Tomorrow some less marvellous History, all these strange Events being too difficult to be believ'd ; those that are more common would suit my Condition better. *Moradbak* obey'd him, and the next Day related the following History :



THE



THE
HISTORY
OF
JAHIA and MEIMOUNE.

Under the Reign of *Selim the Second*, and in the Time of his highest Prosperity, there lived at *Constantinople* a young Tanner, who was named *Ismene Jibia*. He inhabited near the Gate of *Natolia*, which leads to the seven Towers, and lived with his Mother, to whom he was always submissive. He was well known, not only for his Experience in his Profession, but for the Agreeableness of his Figure. He was beautiful and well shap'd; and his Heart sensible to Friendship, engag'd him to go as often as it was possible to pass a few Days at *Scutari*, to see his Friend *Mubammed*, and amuse himself with him. He undertook this

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little Journey one Day, after having kiss'd the Hand of his Mother, and left her almost all the Money he had gain'd by his Industry. He took a Boat, and when he arriv'd at *Scutari*, he flew to the House of his Friend, who was charm'd to see him, and who said to him, You cou'd not come more *apropos*, my dear *Jabia*; I have been invited this Evening to the Marriage of one of my Neighbours; you shall come with me, and we will entertain ourselves there. Since you were invited, said *Jabia* to him, 'tis the same Thing as if I had been desir'd to come, every Body knows us to be Friends; and none will be surpriz'd to see me there with you. They departed immediately, and were obligingly received; and the Hour of Evening Prayer being come, they follow'd the Bride to the Mosque, and preceded her at her Return, according to the usual Custom of the Mussulmen. Those who chaunted the Prayers accompanied her to the Door along with the Imans, where the whole Assembly bid her Farewel. After the usual Prayers, the Bride was introduc'd into the Chamber of her Husband: Sherbet was serv'd

serv'd up to all the Assistants, and every Body withdrew.

Jabia and *Mubammed* went with some young People of their Acquaintance into a private House, to amuse themselves by drinking Wine. Their Heads began to be warm, when he whose charge it was to pour out the Wine, said to them, What shall we do now, my Friends? We have drank the last Cup. This News concern'd them the more, as it was very dangerous to go and fetch Wine*: It was so strictly forbid, that it was dangerous to carry it even in the Day; and if they had the Misfortune to be met in the Night carrying Wine, by those who guard the City, and watch over its Safety, there was no Favour to be expected. After having reflected upon all these Inconveniences, one of the Company repeated several Times, without any Answer being return'd him, Is it possible that not one of us has Courage enough to fetch some Wine? *Jabia*, struck with this Discourse, said within him-

* It was only sold at the Sea-Side, from which they were at a great Distance.

himself, I am the only Stranger here ; this Discourse can be only address'd to me ; and immediately rising, he offer'd himself to do them that Service. *Mu-bammed* testify'd by his Looks the Pain that this Answer gave him ; and speaking to the rest of the Company, Have you ever seen a Stranger, reply'd he, employ'd upon Commissions from the People of the Country ? Therefore, my dear Friend, I shall never consent to what you propose. Besides, not knowing the Way, you will run still more Risques than any other. All the Company agreed it was so, and desir'd him not to take that Trouble ; but by praising his Courage, by admiring his Generosity, these young People did all that was necessary to engage him to perform what he had propos'd, though they appear'd to speak the contrary. *Zabia*, as a young Man, imagining that his Honour was concern'd in taking this Step, he redoubled his Instances ; and they who thought of nothing but how to get the Wine, seeing that no other Person offer'd to fetch it, at length said to *Mu-bam-*

bammed, Don't oppose his Design ; he has Courage and Address, he will certainly succeed. *Mubammed* found himself oblig'd to consent, and *Jabia* took two Jars, with which he arrived very happily at the Tavern, had them fill'd, and return'd back, with the Design of meeting his Friends again.

The Hour of Evening Prayer had been long past ; so that the Streets were intirely empty : Yet *Jabia* perceiv'd a Light at a Distance, just as he enter'd into a little Square near the *Valida* Mosque. This Light came towards him in such a Manner, that he could neither fly from it nor avoid it ; for if he turn'd back again, the Noise he would have made, would not only have engag'd them to pursue him, but he would have been soon stopp'd by the Banks of the Sea. On the other hand, he could not abandon the Jars he was loaded with ; that would have been not acquitting himself of a Commission he had undertaken, and he wou'd have 'been ashame'd to appear before his Friends, without bringing them their Wine.

Wine. Whilst he made these Reflections, he dreaded lest this Lanthorn should be that of the Watch, he who carried it still approaching nearer, he remark'd that it was a young Man who walk'd before an old Man, followed by another Slave. The Countenance of the old Man express'd the highest Wisdom ; his long white Beard reach'd to his Girdle ; he had a Staff in one Hand, and a String of Beads in the other. *Fabia* thrust himself close against the Wall, to let them pass, in hopes that they might not perceive him. But when they were near him, he heard the Old Man praying to God, and saying, Lord, in the Name of all the Heavens, the Seven Earths of *Adam* and of *Eve*, the happy Prophets, the Saints, the Just, and the Virtuous ; I am arriv'd this Day at the Eightieth Year of my Age ; the best of my Life is pass'd, and you have till now granted me that Favour, never to want a Guest. 'Tis this Day the first Time that I shall sup alone : Thou knowest, oh high God, thou knowest how impossible that is to me : I entreat thy Divine Majesty therefore, if thou art fa-

satisfy'd with the Homage I have for so many Years paid to thee, to let me find some Person with whom I may sup and converse. *Jabia* look'd upon him with a Terror which render'd him almost immoveable; and the Manner of his Prayer made him tremble. Is not this some great Prophet, said he within himself? What will become of me, if he should perceive that I am carrying Wine: These Reflections tormented him, when he remark'd that the Cheik (for he knew him to be so by his Dress) strove to examine every Object, notwithstanding the Darkness of the Night; and that having perceiv'd him, he told the Person who accompanied him, to bring the Lanthorn nearer: He then look'd upon him with great Attention; and *Jabia*, whatever Desire he had to do it, could not throw himself upon his Knees, because of the Jars with which he was loaded. The Cheik began by thanking God for this Rencounter, and afterwards he said to him, You see, young Man, how great my Gratitude is to the high God, and how much I am indebted to him for having

ing granted me the Blessing of finding you here. Without you I should not have supp'd ; come then to my House ; refuse not a Person who invites you with so much Earnestness. These Words redoubled the Perplexity of *Jabia* ; certainly said he within himself, this old Man is a Saint ; I have already deserv'd the Wrath of God by bringing this Wine : If I draw his Anger upon me too by refusing him, I shall still augment my Faults : Yet if I accept his Proposition, I dare never appear again before those who wait for me. In this Incertitude he kept a profound Silence ; and the Cheik perceiving that he still kept his Hands under his Vest, imagin'd that he conceal'd something ; and to terminate his Doubts, he advanc'd his Hand, put by the Vest of *Jabia*, and at the Sight of the Jars he said to him, I guess'd indeed that it was Wine, which made you afraid ; but with me you need not be uneasy. Which Way were you to go ? I will accompany you, or at least follow you at a Distance, to serve you as a Guard : In one Word, I will do whatever you please ;

please ; but I declare to you I will not return home without you. *Zabia* reas-
sur'd by the Affability of the old Man,
and charm'd at not having undergone
any Reproaches for a Thing so strictly
forbidden, told him frankly why he had
taken this Commission upon himself : My
Friends expect me with Impatience, add-
ed he, judge yourself what I ought to do,
and command me. The old Man re-
ply'd, My Son, your Words give me
as much Pleasure to hear, as the most
beautiful Pearl would to see. You might
seduce the whole World, and you have
already gain'd my Heart : Know then,
that he whom you have inspir'd with so
much Esteem, is the Cheik *Ebulkiar*,
born at *Magnesia*. From the Age of Se-
ven Years I have been settled at *Scutari* ;
I have reach'd to that of fourscore Years,
without having ever supp'd alone ; and
by a particular Favour of God, there are
always Vows and Sacrifices made sufficient
for me to provide for all those who come
to me. When by Chance no Stranger
has presented himself, when Evening
Prayer is over, and I have no longer any

Hope

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Hope of seeing one arrive, I enter into the Mosque, and chuse him who is the most agreeable to me ; I engage him to follow me ; I receive him in the best Manner that I possibly can : Not only I have had no Person come to me this Day, but all those whom I invited in the Mosque, gave me Reasons which excus'd them from yielding to my Intreaties : Finding myself without any Hope, I address'd myself to the high God : He listen'd to me, and granted my Request, by giving me so agreeable a Guest. But, continu'd he, it would not be just to make you lose the Merit you have acquir'd, by acquitting yourself of so difficult a Commission ; I will wait for you in this Place ; you shall desire Permission of your Friends to leave them ; you may tell them that the Wine has indispos'd you, and that you have already taken too much ; you shall come here again to me, and you shall have no Occasion to repent of the Pleasure you do me : I swear to you by the most high God, that I will remain here till your Return. I depend upon your Word ; therefore 'tis in your Power to make me

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me pass the Night here. He then sat down upon a Stone: You shall find me in the same Place, said he again, making him a Sign to go on. *Jabia*, still more reassur'd, could not forbear saying within himself, I ought to return Thanks to God for having met with a Man so courteous, and who seems to interest himself so much for me: Then, taking Leave of the Cheik, he said to him, I go to acquit myself of my Commission. I promise to return to you again as soon as possible; and without speaking to my Friends of the happy Rencounter I have had, I propose never to quit you more, to consecrate the rest of my Life to you, kiss your Hands, conduct myself better than I have done for the future, and attaching myself for Life to your Service, deserve an Entrance into Paradice with the holy Musselmen: As he finish'd these Words he quitted him.

Having rejoin'd his Friends, his first Care when he arriv'd, was to fill their Cups, and place the Jars upon the Table: The Joy at his Return was great-
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er, as they had lost all Hopes of seeing him again: His Friend *Muhammed*, who had been by much the most uneasy, was not the last to embrace him: They gave him Applauses which placed him above the greatest of Mortals. But whatever Instances they made to engage him to take his Place again, they could not succeed. All that I demand of you, said he to them, as a Recompence for the trifling Service I have done you, is your Permission to retire. I not only find myself fatigu'd, but some of my Friends being in the Tavern where I went, they made me drink to that Excess, that my Head is not a little disorder'd with it; therefore, with your Leave, I will go and repose myself at my Friend *Muhammed*'s. It was not without great Intreaties that they consented to his Departure; yet they press'd him the less, as he affected to be disorder'd by his Wine; but it was not so easy for him to excuse himself from the Eagerness of his Friend, who would have accompanied him home. When he was free from them, he repair'd directly to the Place where he had left the Cheik,

who

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who waited for him according to his Promise. Penetrated with his Goodness, and resolv'd to be his Disciple, he prostrated himself before him, and kiss'd his Feet. The Cheik rais'd him up, and press'd him to his Breast, saying, Oh my Son, why do you use this Submission? He afterwards prais'd his Punctuality, and took him by the Hand,—Let us hasten to the Convent, said he, with the greatest Tenderness. They left *Scutari*, and passing by the Hospital of the Lepers, they arrived at a Garden, the Gate of which resembles that of the Palace of a King, and whose Walls were of an immense Height. We are at length arriv'd at the Convent, said the old Man to him, we have nothing to expect now but Pleasure. He then knock'd at the Gate; a young Woman demanding who knock'd, at the Voice of the Cheik she open'd it. *Zabia* was transported when he saw she was unveil'd, for she was young and handsome; she lighted them with a Silver Lamp, in which there burnt an Oyl full of the most agreeable Perfumes.

The

The House appear'd to *Fabia* an enchanted Palace ; each Corner of the Saloon was illuminated by a great Number of Silver Lamps ; a noble Sopha was at the upper End ; the Middle was fill'd by a Bason of the most beautiful Marble, full of Water so transparent, that it was easy to discover a prodigious Number of Fishes, whose Motion pleasingly amus'd the Eye. The Borders of this Bason were adorn'd with an infinite Variety of different Flowers, charming by their Colours and their Odour. *Fabia* took his Place upon the Sopha ; yet his Mind was still in Agitation : He was struck with all the Objects that presented themselves to his Sight ; he could not conceive for what Reason the Cheik, who had only spoke to him of a Convent, had conducted him into so magnificent a Palace. The old Man, who perceiv'd his Astonishment, said to him, Trust me with the Subject of your Reflections ; have I not already told you, that I look upon you as my Son ? Believe me, it is still more happy to be adopted by a Cheik, than to have been in

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in reality his Son : Adoption is free, it springs from the Heart alone, therefore it ought to be more pleasing. Remain then in Ease and Tranquility ; you are in my House ; you shall be my Companion ; we will pass a Part of the Nights in Conversation and amusing ourselves, and I will leave you at my Decease my whole Fortune. In the mean time, till the Angel of Death comes to force me away, nothing shall be wanting to you. But as you are according to my own Heart, added he, all that I desire is, that you may occupy my Place, and continue to re-establish the ancient Customs of our sublime Religion. As he finish'd these Words, he pass'd into an adjoining Apartment, from whence he return'd soon after, in a Robe so cover'd with Gold and Jewels, that it might have been esteemed worthy of a King. When he had placed himself close by *Jabia*, the Slaves brought in large Dishes of Porcelain, adorn'd with magnificent Enamelling, and fill'd with the most exquisite Meats, perfum'd with Ambergrise and Musk. *Jabia* was astonish'd at this Mag-

nificence, and the Surprize of his Senses prevented him from speaking. The Cheik said to him, I have arriv'd at this extreme Age you see me of, without ever having cloath'd myself in this Manner : I have always besought God to grant me a Son : My advanc'd Age prevents me now from hoping it. I have this Morning begg'd of him an amiable young Man, whom I might adopt ; he has listen'd to my Prayers, and granted them by sending you to me ; therefore I do every thing that I can imagine to testify my Joy and my Gratitude for the Happiness I am vouchsafed. As to the rest, the Cheiks have so great a Habitude of examining all the Strangers whom I receive, that I easily knew all the good Qualities you are possess'd of. I saw that you have Probity, Truth, and a Love for Virtue. But know, to diminish the Astonishment I see you in, that our Situation is superior to all this Magnificence, and above it, by the little Value we set upon it. One Thing more, if you love Wine, you may satisfy yourself here ; the Dervises, you know, are permitted

mitted to make use of it: Publick Scan-
dal is indeed the only Thing that ought
to be avoided in it. Look upon me then
as your Father in all respects, and follow
the kind of Life which I have embrac'd
from my Infancy.

This Discourse recall'd to *Jabia*'s Mind
the first Idea which had presented itself,
when the Cheik came up to him. He
took him for a Prophet, and rather for
the Prophet *Elias* than any other, because
of the Likeness he found in him to that
holy Man. Yet this Place of Delight,
these Riches, these Jewels, and the great
Number of Female Slaves whom he saw
employ'd in attending upon them, op-
pos'd this Thought, as also the Wine,
which was brought in large Quantities.
Sometimes he imagin'd that the Cheik was
an Enchanter, who could take upon him-
self any Shape.—What could have been
his Design in conducting me hither, said
he within himself? What Reason could
he have to deceive me? What have I to
fear? My Riches, nor my Gold cannot
tempt any Person, and I am not hand-

some enough for him to form any other Design: Let us see how all this will end. The Wine, which, under Pain of Death, was forbid in the Convents, was what surpriz'd *Jabia* most; which made him still keep his Eyes on the shining Vases that contain'd it: And the Cheik guessing at his Thoughts, said to him, Imagine not, my Son, that I am capable of drinking Wine. I had it only brought for you. The Wine that we Cheiks drink, is a Wine of Paradise. Let some be brought, said he; immediately they presented to him a golden Flask. They then sat down to Table, and the Cheik, at the middle of the Repast, gave him of this Wine. He found it resembled a Sherbet, compos'd of Sugar, Ambergrease, and Musk, and by consequence had an Odour much more agreeable than common Wine. The more surprizing Things *Jabia* beheld, the more he was perswaded the Cheik surpass'd all other Men; therefore nothing could equal the Respect with which he behaved before him. Why, said the Cheik, are you still plung'd in Reflections, instead of giving yourself up to Pleasure! My

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My Lord, reply'd *Jabia*, the Excess of your Goodness astonishes me ; I still fear lest my Happiness should be a Dream, and I cannot forbear recalling to my Memory a History, which has some Regard to my Situation. I am pleas'd with Histories, reply'd the Cheik, and I look upon them as Augmentations to the Pleasures of the Table. He press'd him to relate it, and *Jabia* began in these Terms.





THE
HISTORY
OF A
DERRVISE.

*M*ustapha Pacha Stambol, Effendi or Provost of Constantinople, had several Times successively engaged a great Number of his Friends to sup with him. There was amongst the Company a Dervise who appear'd to be a Man of Sense, though he had never pronounc'd one Word, whatever Discourse was propos'd. His Silence appear'd so singular, that it often serv'd as an Amusement to all the other Guests, who even turn'd him into Ridicule. But they were much surpriz'd, when, after some Time, the Dervise rais'd

rais'd his Voice, and invited all those who were at Table to appoint a Day to come and sup with him, and entertain themselves. The Fear of finding a poor Reception made the Company hesitate ; and when they accepted the Proposal, it was by desiring him to accept some Money to enable him to bear an Expence which appear'd above his Condition ; but he refus'd it : The Day was fix'd, and they desir'd him to tell them where they must repair ? He answer'd, that they might meet in the Mosque of Sultan *Mahomed*, and he would serve them as a Guide.

They were punctual to the Appointment ; and took the Precaution of buying as they went along some Provisions, that they might supply the Deficiency of the Repast they expected from the Der-
vise. He appear'd in the Mosque at the Hour they had appointed. It was with Astonishment that they perceiv'd him very neatly dress'd, and with a Vest of *Indian* Linnen. He receiv'd the Company with extreme Politeness, and conducted them

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them to his Habitation. His House appear'd a perfect Palace ; and when they had reach'd the Gate, they saw thirty Pages come out of it, who took the Guests under the Arms, and assisted them to go up into an Apartment, the Sopha's of which were cover'd with Gold Stuff. The same Pages preceded them into another still more magnificent. They placed before each Person a Brazier of Silver, with Tongs, and a Shovel of the same Metal. When they were seated, they look'd upon each other with equal Shame and Confusion, when they reflected on the Provisions they had brought into so magnificent a Palace ; and they agreed to throw them all out of the Windows, without the Dervise's perceiving it. Some Time after four large Silver Tables were brought ; the Linnen which cover'd them was embroider'd with Gold ; the Meats were serv'd in the most beautiful Porcelain of China ; they plac'd upon each Table thirty different Dishes ; and the Pages neglected no Attendance that might render their Services agreeable. The Desert was still more magnificent than all that had preceded it.

The

The Sweetmeats were exquisite; and the Dervise, not satisfy'd with what had been eat, forced them upon them with Profusion.

When the Supper, which was very long, was finish'd, they prepar'd Beds, which corresponded to all the Magnificence they had already seen. The Quilts and Sheets were embroider'd with Gold and Colours; and when they were preparing to go to Bed, the Dervise inform'd the whole Company that his Pages were so many young Women, whom he had destin'd for their Pleasures. Each chose her who appear'd the most agreeable to him, and went to Bed. Sleep soon succeeded these Pleasures; but how great was their Astonishment the next Day when they awoke, to find themselves in a ruin'd Tower, laid upon the Earth, cover'd with an old Mat of Reeds, with Stones for their Bolsters, and a Log of Wood by their Sides: As to their Cloaths, they lay by them in the Condition they had put them off.

With much Labour they got out of these Ruins, and the Quagmires that surrounded them: And as they left the Tower, they heard a Voice which said to them, Another time make no Jests upon those that keep Silence.

The Cheik, charm'd with this History, praised extremely the manner in which it was related, and drank several Cups of his Wine of Paradise to the Health of *Jabia*, who was confounded at all these Marks of Goodness: He afterwards took him by the Hand, and said to him, My Son, be more at your Ease with me; let your Countenance be open as the Rose, and acknowledge, as I do, the Bounty of God; I demanded you of him, and he has granted you to my Prayers: Have Confidence in God; have Confidence in his Ministers, who are his living Images; imitate the Merchant who is mention'd in the miraculous Annals, and whose History I will relate to you.

THE



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
MERCHANT of BAGDAD.

A Merchant, who was upon his Departure to trade in the *Indies*, sold all that he possessed, and left his Country with all the Money he could procure. After having recommended himself to God, of whom he was a faithful Servant, he was at first fortunate enough, and met with no Disasters; but at length he was attack'd some Days Journey from *Masulipatan* by a Band of Robbers, who left him nothing, and by consequence reduc'd him to the cruel Necessity of demanding Alms in order to reach that City.

When he was arrived there, he enquir'd carefully for the Habitation of the richest

richest Merchant in that City, and repair'd thither. He related his Misfortunes to him, and entreated him to lend him a thousand Sequins. He desir'd to know if he had Pledges to give him, or any good Person who would be answerable for him. The Merchant of *Bagdad* reply'd, The Robbers have left me nothing for a Pledge; but you will be satisfy'd with my Witness, it is God that will be answerable for what you lend to me. The Merchant of *Masulipatan*, touch'd with this Answer, counted down the thousand Sequins to him upon his Note only, but in which they both expressed that God was the Witness of it.

The Merchant of *Bagdad* departed; and the Money that he had borrow'd succeeded so well with him, that at the Close of the Year he arriv'd at *Ormus* with above five thousand Sequins. He would have departed to satisfy the Engagement he was under, for the Term was almost expir'd; but unfortunately he was in so bad a Season, that there was no Vessel that would hazard the Dangers of

of the Sea. He was so moved at this Disappointment, that he fell ill with the Chagrin of it. At length putting his sole Confidence in God, he took a Log of Wood, hollow'd it, and enclos'd within it a thousand Sequins, with a Letter address'd to the Merchant of *Masulipatan*, whose Debtor he was. He pitch'd the Piece very closely up, and threw it into the Sea, saying, My God, thou wert my Witness, condescend to convey this Money to him who lent it me upon the Faith of thy holy Name alone.

Then the Satisfaction of having fulfill'd his Engagements, restor'd him to his former Health. God graciously hearken'd to his Request; and the same Day the Merchant of *Masulipatan* amusing himself in a small Bark upon the Coast, perceiv'd a Piece of Wood, which appear'd to be of an uncommon Form. Some of his Slaves would have taken it up, but it still avoided them; at length he approach'd himself, and took hold of it with the greatest Facility. He was extremely surpriz'd to find the Direction upon

upon it address'd to him ; he examin'd it with the more Care, open'd it, and found the Money and the Letter, which left him no room for Doubt, and forc'd him to adore the Power and Goodness of God.

When the dangerous Season was over, the Merchant of *Bagdad* fearing lest God should not have granted his Prayer, took with him the thousand Sequins which he had borrow'd, and repair'd to him to whom he owed them. But the Moment he perceiv'd him, he cry'd out to him, He who answer'd for you has satisfy'd me ; here is your Note cancell'd ; there is nothing farther due to me, it is to God alone : Acknowledge all the Benefits you have receiv'd from him, by adoring him and serving him continually.

Jabia, penetrated with this History, redoubled the Assurances of his Attachment to the Cheik, and his Gratitude to God. It is enough, my Son, said the Cheik to him, with an Air of Goodness. He then caus'd a great Number of sumptuous

tuous and magnificent Habits to be brought, and when they had heap'd them upon a Sopha, I make you a Present of all these Habits, said he to *Jabia*, and all my Female Slaves are at your Disposal. This last Sentence made the young Mus- fulman blush: But to dissipate that Embarrass, the Cheik filled a Cup of his celestial Wine, and *Jabia* drank it almost without knowing what he did. The Cheik perceiving that the Wine began to have an Effect upon the Brain of his Guest, commanded all the Slaves to take their Instruments, who touch'd them upon the most tender Airs, and with Strains destin'd to the Songs of Love. *Jabia* was so mov'd, that he began to lift up his Eyes by degrees, and to enjoy these Pleasures which seem'd comparable to those of the Sultans. Yet he had not still drank enough to be absolutely without Inqui- tude; he durst not cast his Eyes upon the beauteous Slaves who surrounded their Table. The Cheik, who examin'd him continually, and easily penetrated into his Thoughts, made him the kind- est Reproaches on this Constraint, and again

again pouring him out the Wine, he said to him, Oh, my Son, why will not you cast a Look upon these Slaves? Have not I already told you they were your's? Chuse her who is the most agreeable to you, and this Night she shall be your's. *Zabia*, dreading lest these last Words should be said only to penetrate into his Heart, threw himself at the Feet of the Cheik, and protested to him, that he was incapable of conceiving the least Desire for the Women of his Seraglio, and that he was too sensible of the Respect he ow'd him. What can I say to you more, reply'd the old Man? Chuse, I conjure you: You may suppose my Desires are all extinguish'd, and these Slaves by consequence useless to me: In one Word, all that I desire of Heaven, is to see your Children, whom I shall love more than even you yourself.

Zabia yielded to these Intreaties; he look'd upon the Slaves and chose out one. But not to be failing in what he ow'd, he threw himself once more at the Feet of the Cheik, and said to him,

I was incapable of feeling the least Desire for the Women of your Seraglio ; but since you absolutely command it, I chuse her who stands by me. The Cheik answer'd with the most satisfy'd Look : I return Thanks to God that you have chose so well, and see you have a just Discernment ; you may look upon her as a Present from God, and as an Effect of his Bounty ; no other Choice would have given me equal Pleasure, for she is a *Circassian*. Approach, *Meimoune*, approach, said he to her, and taking her by the Hand, gave her to *Jahia*, with five thousand Sequins, which he had commanded to be brought in a Bason, adding, It is for having kept me Company this Night, that I make you these Presents : Look upon me always as your Father, never forsake me, and all my Wishes will be fulfill'd. I shall go To-morrow to desire the Cadi of *Scutari* to come hither, to make you in his Presence a general Donation of all my Wealth ; you cannot yet imagine the Immensity of it : As to me, satisfy'd with living with you, I shall have no other Views in
my

my Retreat, but the Service of God. These Words left no longer any Inquietude in the Mind of *Jabia*; and looking upon all these Blessings as an Effect of the Goodness of God, he said to the Cheik, If I should live a thousand Years in your Service, my Father and my Lord, it would never be enough to acknowledge your Benefits. Be fully assur'd that to my last Sigh I shall be perfectly attach'd to you. They then repeated mutual Promises and Protestations of Friendship, which, with the Wine, filled up a great Part of the Night. At length *Jabia* not being able to sit up longer, the Cheik commanded them to fix an embroider'd Curtain over one of the Sopha's, and to bring Mattrasses of Gold and Silk. When all his Orders were executed, which were done with incredible Diligence, the Cheik said to him, I desire you would go to Bed with your Wife; one of the greatest Pleasures of old Age, is that of marrying their Children: Both of you are mine; and I enjoy at this Moment the Satisfaction of uniting you. *Jabia* made no Resistance; *Meimoune* and

and he were soon put to Bed, and the old Man quitted the Room.

As soon as he was far enough not to hear them, the fair Slave said to *Jabia* with a Sigh, Young Man thou hast not long to live, think of thy Salvation. This Discourse restor'd the Senses of *Jabia* in an Instant: He trembled every Limb, and conjur'd *Meimoune* to explain this Enigma to him. I interest myself in thy Fate, said she to him; I feel a Love for thee, and that Love redoubles still more the Horror that the Crimes which are here committed have always inspir'd me with. Dost thou promise me, continued she, to carry me with thee, and never to abandon me, if I can deliver thee from the Danger thou art in. *Jabia* promis'd her all that she desir'd, and accompany'd his Promise with the most sacred Oaths. And the Slave trusting absolutely to him, Thou wilt see, pursued she, the Height of Cruelty and Wickedness; they are both united in the Person of this old Man; but if thou would'st preserve thy Life, thou must do punctually what I prescribe.

The

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The Cheik will soon return ; every time that he calls thee make no Answer. He will command me to wake thee, and I will seem to obey him ; keep silent still, remain in the Bed, and thou wilt be Witness of all that passes. *Jabia* promis'd, without Hesitation, to execute her Orders and follow her Advice.

Some time after, the Cheik came behind the Curtains, and call'd *Jabia*, who made no Answer. He told *Meimoune* to awake him ; but she assur'd him her Efforts were in vain. Thou hast the Cords to fasten him by thee upon the Sopha, said he to her ; consider, I have the more Precautions to take, as being almost the only Man in this House ; I have now fifteen Prisoners, what would become of me if they should be set at Liberty ? Keep him therefore carefully, and remember thy Life must answer for it. Saying these Words he return'd into his Apartment.

Jabia in the mean time felt all the Emotions of Fear ; and when *Meimoune* heard

heard all silent in the House, she said to him, Rise now, I will shew thee into what Place thy Misfortune has led thee : He obey'd her, and she took him by the Hand and carried him down a little Stair-Case : When they were at the Bottom, she told him to look through an Opening which was in the Wall : He perceiv'd a dark Prison, which inclos'd fifteen Prisoners, of different Ages, and who had all Chains upon their Necks, their Hands, and their Feet. The young Man, who bore the Lanthorn before the Cheik when *Jabia* met him, enter'd at that Moment into the Prison. The Prisoners cry'd out when they saw him, Why are we made to suffer in this horrible Place ? The Cheik has deceived us by giving us five Thousand Sequins and the Choice of one of his Slaves : He has taken from us all that we had, and put us in Irons. Put us to Death speedily, continu'd they ; Death, however, will terminate our Pain. The young Man made Answer to them, You bear these Chains only for having testify'd Repentance for your Faults and Love for a religious Life, and yet, nevertheless,

drink-

drinking of the Wine which the Cheik only presented to you to try you : That was not all, he offer'd you his Women, and you would have abus'd them : 'Tis to punish you for these enormous Faults, that he has put you in Irons : I can deliver only one each Night ; be easy ; your Turns will come, said he to the others. He then took one, and carry'd him out of the Prison.

Meimoune said to *Jabia*, who was thrown into an extraordinary Surprize at what he beheld, The Cheik will go into the Room where we were ; we must return thither immediately : *Jabia* let himself be conducted, and they laid down ; and some few Moments after, they saw the Cheik enter, who was then undress'd, and ready to go to Bed. He said to *Meimoune*, with a terrible Voice, 'Tis now Time to convey him to Prison who lies with thee. She answer'd him, That he might depend upon her, and that she would do her Duty. The Cheik call'd the young Man who serv'd him, and bid him enter, which he did immediately. He

He appear'd with an Apron before him, and several large Knives in his Girdle; and led in him whom he had fetch'd out of the Prison, after having had the Precaution to put a Gagg in his Mouth, to prevent him from crying out. He stript him to the Waist by Order of the Cheik; then he gave him a Stroke with a Knife, that open'd him from the Navel to the Throat: He pull'd out his Heart, which he cut in two Pieces, and presented it to his Master. He clean'd and swept out the Place, and carry'd away the Body. In the mean time the Cheik having got the Heart of this unfortunate Mussulman, was drying it with a Sponge: He then drank a Cup of Wine, and said once more to *Meimoune*, Tye *Jabia* fast; thy Head shall pay for it, if he escapes thee. He had scarce finish'd these Words, when he fell back upon the So-pha in the most profound Sleep.

Jabia observing that the Cheik was no longer in a Condition to perceive any thing, threw himself at the Feet of *Meimoune*,

moune, and conjur'd her to finish what she had so happily begun, and to save his Life by procuring his Liberty. *Meimoune*, who wish'd to try him, made Answer, I have promis'd to deliver thee, but I tremble at being expos'd to the Fury and Resentment of the Cheik : The Height of the Walls, and the Disposition of the Apartments, render my Flight almost impossible. I wish not for my Liberty but with you, return'd *Fabia*, eagerly, and I had rather die than be separated from you. Since thou testifiest such tender and such generous Sentiments to me, reply'd the beauteous Slave, I promise not to forsake thee, but to deliver thee, or to perish with thee. This tender Assurance reanimated the Hopes of *Fabia* ; *Meimoune* dress'd herself hastily, whilst he did the same ; afterwards she took him by the Hand, and conducted him into a Chamber ; she open'd the Window of it, and said to him, The Branches of this Pomegranate Tree will assist us to descend into the Garden. I will go and fetch the Key of a Back-Door that is there ; stay here, thou shalt wait for

for me as little as possible ; thou may'st trust to the Love I have for thee.

When *Jabia* was left alone, he sunk himself into a Labyrinth of Thoughts. The Fear of all that might happen if *Meimoune* should not succeed, the Sentiments that attach'd him to her, and the dreadful Spectacle he had been Witness of, agitated him in their Turns : But what afflicted him the most was, that he had no Arms to defend himself with, in case of Accident. At length the fair Slave appear'd, loaded with two large Pacquets ; she gave him her Hand to help her down from the Window : She deliver'd the two Pacquets to him, and told him, to wait once more at the Foot of the Tree : He was not long before he heard a Noise, and saw the Leaves move ; he was soon reassur'd by the Voice of his tender *Meimoune*, who said to him, Let us fly, my dear *Jabia*, we have no Time to lose. They open'd the Back-Door of the Garden, and happily escap'd ; *Jabia* loaded with the Pacquets, and *Meimoune* with a small Casket.

They arriv'd without any Obstacle at the House of *Muhammed*, who had not yet quitted his Friends ; they knock'd at the Door, an old Female Slave open'd it to them, and they enter'd into the Chamber of *Jabia*, where he return'd Thanks to God for having deliver'd him from so imminent a Danger : He abandon'd himself to all the Transports of Joy, and testify'd the same Excess of Gratitude to *Meimoune* ; but that beauteous Maid was dejected, and sigh'd incessantly. What concerns you, said he, Soul of my Life ; what can we desire ; are not we now out of all Danger ? Oh, my dear *Jabia*, reply'd she, I thought thee more prudent ; canst thou enjoy so great a Tranquility at so short a Distance from a Man so wicked as the Cheik ? Consider, that he joins immense Riches to the Credit which his Reputation of Sanctity has given him ; he will employ them both to find us again, and we shall be inevitably taken. He sleeps at this Moment, but when he awakes and misses us, he will immediately go to the Cadi of *Scutari*, and accuse thee

of

of having carried Wine, and that Accusation alone will be sufficient to have thee seiz'd. As to me; he will reclaim me as his Slave: In a word, we ought to expect every thing from what his barbarous Imagination will invent, in the Rage, Despair, and Danger to which our Flight may expose him. Let us preserve ourselves, therefore, from his Fury, and pass over to *Constantinople* before the Day appears; we have no other Resolution to take. In the interim *Muhammed* arriv'd, and his first Care was to ask the old Slave if she had seen his Friend *Jabia*. She told him, that he was in his Chamber. *Muhammed* would not then trouble him, and went to his Repose.

Meimoune in the mean time still continu'd her Instances to engage *Jabia* to pass over to *Constantinople*. But he answer'd her, If the Thing depended upon me, bright Moon of the World, I would pass the Sea this Moment, and I would do much more to give you the least Satisfaction. But it is impossible; all the Boats are drawn ashore, and the Gates of the City

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are shut : But that is not yet all the Difficulty ; if the *Bostangi Bacha*, who is upon Guard during the Night, perceives a Boat upon the Sea before the Day appears, are you ignorant that he sinks it that Moment without Examination ? Wait then a few Moments ; repose yourself ; the Day cannot be far off : Believe me, I cannot be easy, whilst I know you are in Inquietude. These Words engaged *Meimoune* to have Patience ; and *Jabia* made use of that Time, to ask her what could induce the Cheik to eat the Hearts of those whom he murder'd.

During the Course of three Years which I pass'd with him, reply'd she, I saw him every Day repeat the same Thing : The great Treasures which he possesses are composed of what he takes from all those whom he insnares ; and what engages him to exercise that Barbarity upon them which your Eyes were Witnesses of, is a Distemper that he formerly had, and which prevents him from tasting any Repose : A human Heart alone can calm the Agitation of his Spirits.

Mei-

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Meimoune was not so attentive in satisfying the Curiosity of *Jabia*, but that she heard the first Crowing of the Cock. Immediately she rose, and taking her little Casket, went out of the Chamber ; *Jabia* was oblig'd to take the other Pacquets and follow her.

They went out without giving any Notice to *Mubammed*, and soon found themselves on the Banks of the Sea. But perceiving no Boat there, they were oblig'd to walk for some Time upon the Shore ; at length they perceived the Light of a Man who was fishing ; *Jabia* conjur'd him, with a plaintive Voice, to draw to Shore. The Fisherman astonish'd to hear a Voice at an Hour when Nobody was stirring, was seiz'd with Fear, and doubted not but it was an Apparition that spoke to him. Immediately he fell to Prayers ; but *Jabia*, become eloquent by the Desire *Meimoune* had to embark, spoke so perswasively to him, and above all, promising to give him whatever he requir'd, that the old Man receiv'd them into his Boat. *Meimoune* im-

mediately took a Sequin out of her Casket, and gave it to him ; they told him to seem to continue his fishing, and by degrees to go over to *Constantinople*, where they landed just as the Iman was calling the People to the Morning Prayer. *Jabia*, still more easy and contented, went to his House, and found his Mother already got up, who open'd the Door to them, charm'd with seeing her Son again, and pleas'd at seeing him with a Woman, for he generally came home with some of his young Acquaintance only. They repos'd themselves Part of the Day ; they eat of what the good Mother of *Jabia* had provided for them ; and examin'd the Pacquets and the Casket : The Pacquets enclos'd the Habits of *Meimoune*, which were magnificent ; and the Casket the Money she had amass'd in the Service of the Cheik, to whom she had been * *Haznadar*. But *Jabia* more dazzled with her Beauty, in the Transports of his Love, testify'd to her the Eagerness of his Wishes, and the Desire he had to be for ever united to her,

* Treasurer.

her, by marrying her. She said to him with Tenderness, Thou art far from being prudent, my dear *Jabia*, and Reason has but little Empire over thee. We are not yet escap'd from Danger, and wouldst thou marry me! Whilst the Cheik, the most cruel and most dangerous of Men, shall have one Breath of Life, I will never consent to thy Desires. *Jabia*, who felt the most excessive Love for her, was grieved at her Refusal, and said to her, I must then be miserable for Life, my dearest *Meimoune*; for God alone can deliver the World from so wicked a Man, whose very Name makes me tremble. Yet it appears impossible to me that he should discover us in the distant Quarter that we inhabit. Why should you fix my Happiness at so great a Distance from me? Is it in my Power to undertake your Vengeance? Speak, for I am capable of any thing to serve you. *Meimoune* spoke then, and said, If we were in the Centre of the Earth, the Cheik would find us there, to sacrifice us to his Fury: Consider, how dreadful is the Revenge of a Hypocrite.

unmask'd. As to me, I confess I shall never have one Moment's Ease, as long as I know thee expos'd to so great a Danger. Yet if thou wilt be advis'd by me, we may, perhaps, relieve ourselves from this cruel Inquietude, and live calmly, without any Emotions, but those caus'd by Love. Never see me more, Sun of my Thoughts, return'd *Jabia* with Transport, if I do not exactly obey what you command. I am satisfy'd with this Answer, reply'd *Meimoune* ; we must find Means to acquaint thy Friend *Mubammed* with our Situation, and engage him to come and speak to us. *Jabia* offer'd to go in search of him, but his Mistress represented to him, that such a Degree of ill-plac'd Valour in their Situation was as useless as rash : Thou makest me remember, added she, the *Persian Verses* of *Ge-laddin Ruma*, who says, that a Camel, mounted on the Top of a *Minaret*, cry'd out, I am concealed here ; don't discover the Place of my Retreat. To banish this Idea absolutely from his Mind, she made him remember that he had sworn to do whatever she commanded him. He then

then writ immediately to his Friend, who soon after arriv'd.

Meimoune, cover'd with her Veil, made him sit down upon the Sopha, and related to him the Danger his Friend had been in. He cried out every Moment, Holy Prophet! can God permit such vile Infidels to appear in the Sight of the Sun! But when, at the End of the History, she nam'd the Cheik *Ebulkiar*, and accused him of being the Author of all these Cruelties, he could not perswade himself to believe it. How can it be, said he, that a Man who performs the five Prayers daily, gives to the Poor continually, preaches the Observation of the Law, still more by his incessant Example, than by the Explications he daily makes of the holy Alcoran, and appears to be one of the greatest Favourites of the holy Prophet, can be guilty of such enormous Crimes! I am ignorant, return'd *Zabia*, whether this old Man is really a Cheik, or whether the Person thou meanest is the same of whom *Meimoune* speaks, for I never saw him but this

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once. How can it be doubted? resum'd *Meimoune*; I have been his Slave these three Years, and every Day my Eyes have been Witnesses of a fresh Instance of Cruelty. Certainly, interrupted *Mubammed*, an Infidel Genie fascinated your Eyes, to injure the Reputation of the most holy Man of these Times. Let him be a Cheik or not, said the tender *Meimoune* with Heat, there is such a Man who commits such Crimes, and who put the Life of thy Friend in Danger. How can't thou hesitate a Moment? The Cause of God, and the Interest of Friendship, are they incapable of moving thee? I will examine, reply'd *Mubammed*, I will observe the Conduct of the Cheik; but without being fully convinc'd, I will never dip my Hands in the Blood of the Friend of God. *Meimoune* seeing she could obtain nothing further from him, and that Friendship in the Mind of *Mubammed* could never overcome the Impressions of Hypocrisy,---Promise us at least, said she, and swear upon the holy Alcoran to keep our Secret. I see, cried she, it is their's to deliver *Zabia* who love him.

him best. *Muhammed* took the Oath she requir'd, and return'd to *Scutari*. The next Day *Meimoûne* went out with her Veil, and repair'd to the * Bazar, to the Quarter of the Taylors; she chose out the compleat Habit of an † *Ichoglan*, which she agreed for, and conceal'd it under her Veil, with some other Things she had bought. During the two or three following Days her Heart was oppres'd, and her Mind agitated; she even answer'd the Affiduities and Instances of *Jabia* only with Sighs, and with a dejected and afflicted Look, which accompany'd the Refusals that still continu'd to throw her Lover into Despair. At length, when she was fully resolv'd, she went out between the first and second Prayers. *Jabia*, who did not see her return, tho' Night approach'd, felt the most cruel Inquietude. His Mother, touch'd with the Condition she saw him in, said to him, What affects thee, my

F 6 Son?

* Bazar, or Bazestein, a kind of Hall in which all Professions have their Shops in different Quarters.

† A Page of the Seraglio.

Son? Alas! my Mother, reply'd *Fabia*, *Meimoune* does not return. It is not proper for a Woman to pretend to give Advice to a Man, return'd she; but if thou hast lost this amiable Maid, most certainly thou hast deserv'd it. Women are not to be treated with so much Softness; they always abuse those who shew such great Regard to them, and especially those who give them so much Liberty. I am much mistaken, continu'd she, if thou ever feest *Meimoune* more. Ah! my Mother, interrupted *Fabia*, she does not resemble other Women; her Heart is purer than the Dew of the Morning. I wish it may be so, reply'd the Mother; but thou lovest her, and she assur'd thee she had the same Sentiments. What could hinder her from giving thee a Proof of it, and marrying thee, as thou hast so often press'd her to do? Why did she still appear more and more serious and meditating? Why did she bring here with Secrecy, the Habit of a Man, a * Cangiar, and other Things which I found hid under the Sopha, and which are now gone?

Be

* A Cap lin'd with Furs, worn by the Slaves.

Be assur'd, my Son, that she has too much Sense to do any thing without Design. Ah! my Mother, interrupted *Jabia* again, I am undone; I tremble! *Meimoune* doubtless has —— He stop'd here, and durst say no more, lest he should discover his Secret. But that Moment, notwithstanding his Trouble and Agitation, he kiss'd the Hand of his Mother, took his Sabre and departed. A Moment later, and he would not have found a Boat to pass over to *Scutari*. In effect, he arriv'd there just as the Day clos'd; he sat down upon the Shore, and taking no Advice but from his Love, without attempting to desire the least Assistance from so prejudic'd a Friend as *Muhammed*, he resolv'd to wait for the Cheik as he pass'd by, and to attack him, notwithstanding the two Slaves with which he was usually accompany'd; the Chagrin, the Inquietude, and the Alarms that this Barbarian gave his dear *Meimoune*, his Happiness delay'd, the Life of what he lov'd continually expos'd to the most cruel Revenge, all these were sufficient to determine him in the Resolution he had taken

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taken. But the Trust he had in God, and the Prayer he made to him, left him no longer any Inquietude, and represented to him the sacrificing this Monster of Cruelty, as an Action highly agreeable to the holy Prophet. These Ideas brought him to the last Hour of Prayer. When that arriv'd, he went into the Street where he had met the Cheik ; he found him, who had already got before him, and was returning Home with a Man whom he easily guess'd was another Victim, and who appear'd to be tall. He was surpriz'd at his extreme Diligence, and durst not attack him then, as he still heard the Sound of People walking and speaking in the Streets and in the neighbouring Houses. However, he follow'd him at all Hazards, and in a Burying-Place, which they were oblig'd to cross, he came up with the Slave who was at some Distance behind him, took the Opportunity of a Turning, and gave him so violent a Cut with his Sabre, that his Head flew off from his Shoulders, without his being able to give one Shriek. At that Instant he took his Talpache, threw off his own Turban,

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Turban, and came up with the Cheik just after he had said, as usual, Open, it is I. They open'd the Gate to him, and *Zabia* follow'd him without speaking, and without being known. He made Use of the Obscurity to conceal himself in the Corner of the Court, fully resolv'd to hazard every thing for the Success of his Enterprize, and to fall upon the Cheik, after having separately attack'd his Slaves. He heard the Preparations for the Supper, attended to every Passage of it, saw the Presents brought, and distinguish'd the Voices and Instruments of the Slaves; and looking upon the Sleep of the Cheik as the most favourable Opportunity, he waited with the greatest Impatience for the Catastrophe of this Adventure. At length the Stranger was put to Bed along with the Slave whom he had chose; and in a few Moments after, he heard the peircing Cries of a Woman, who call'd for Help. He distinguish'd the Voice of the Cheik who called his Slave, and order'd him to bring his Arms. In the midst of this Disorder, he thought he heard the Voice of his dear *Meimoune*.

Nothing

Nothing then could restrain him ; he flew up the little Staircase that had conducted him before to the Prison, push'd at the Door of the Chamber with so much Violence that he burst it open, and appear'd before the Cheik just as he was going to leap upon a young Man in the Bed, to force from him a Poniard with which he was arm'd, whilst a Woman appear'd in the same Bed greatly terrify'd. Thou shalt perish, wretched Woman, cried the Cheik, and I shall enjoy the exquisite Pleasure of Revenge. Love and Justice, which have conducted me hither, return'd *Meimoune* in her natural Voice, ought to have made me more successful; however, I have done my Duty, and thou may'st satiate thy Rage. *Jabia* did not give him Time to do so; full of that eager Rashness which true Love produces when alarm'd by the Danger of what it loves, he drew his Sabre, and seizing the Cheik by the Beard, peirc'd him with a thousand Stabs. He had no sooner kill'd him than his favourite Slave enter'd with a Prisoner to be sacrific'd, according to his inhuman Custom; *Jabia* run to him, and

and punish'd him for all his Crimes, notwithstanding the Knives with which he was arm'd. Then falling at the Knees of *Meimoune*, he scarce knew her again, the Colour which she had put upon her Face had so extremely alter'd her. Seeing her in that Condition, and finding her in the House of the Cheik, was a Proof of the tender and generous Enterprize she had undertaken. In effect, it was *Meimoune* herself, who, under the Habit of a Man, had presented herself in the Way where the Cheik must pass, and whom he had carried to sup with him. *Jabia* would have endeavour'd to express his Gratitude and his Love; but *Meimoune* said to him, It is not yet a Time to abandon ourselves to Joy; what would be our Fate if we should be found in this Place of Horror? If the Cadi should surprize us here, how could we perswade him of our Innocence? *Jabia* cut the Cords which tied the unfortunate Prisoner, who having expected the most dreadful Death, embraced a hundred Times the Knees of his Deliverer. They went down together to the Prison, to set at Liberty the other Mussulmen whom

the

the Cheik had destin'd for his cruel Repasts. When *Meimoune* had put on her Habit, the Cork that she had put within her Paboutches, made her appear so much taller; the Change of her Dress, the Colour she had put upon her Face, and the Care with which she had disguised her Voice, convinced *Jahia* how easy it was for the Cheik to be deceiv'd in her.

Meimoune caused all the Prisoners to come before her, and told them to begin by taking all that belong'd to them, which had been seiz'd by the Cheik. She gave Liberty to all the Women Slaves, and afterwards made several Bundles of the Silver, the Gold, and the Jewels. But the House was so full of Riches, that after having taken all they could carry away, and given the Slaves and Prisoners whatever they desir'd, they still left a prodigious Quantity of valuable Effects. *Meimoune* made them throw the Body of the Cheik, and those of the two Slaves, into the same Well which he made use of as a Sepulchre for those good and faithful Mussulmen, who had every Day, for so confi-

considerable a Time, perish'd by his Command. These Cares employ'd them till the Break of Day: Then they left this Place of Horror and Execration, shut the Gate after them, and separated different Ways. *Jabia* would not go to his Friend *Mubammed*, he thinking it would have been a tacit Reproach for the Weakness of his Friendship, and his Prejudice in favour of a Hypocrite.

These tender Lovers arriv'd at *Constantinople* without any Inconvenience, where *Jabia* conjur'd *Meimoune* to compleat his Happiness, and to give herself to him for ever. I consent to it now with my whole Heart, my dear *Jabia*, reply'd she; we will make a Repast, to which we will invite the *Iman*, and marry each other according to the Precepts of the holy Prophet. The Marriage was perform'd on the *Friday* following, in a manner suitable to the former Fortune of *Jabia*, for he would not quit his Profession; but he employ'd suitable to his Condition the Money which *Meimoune* had brought with her, and that which he
had

had found at the Cheik's. Thus, in an easy Affluence, not desiring to aspire above their former Rank, *Jabia*, his good Mother, and the charming *Meimoune*, pass'd their Lives agreeably and happy.

Moradbak had no sooner ceased to speak, than the King, who began to be more touch'd with her Beauty and Merit, than with her History, and who took still more Pleasure in seeing than in hearing her, told her, That he insensibly, and by degrees, felt a Calm diffused over his Mind; and it is to thy Histories, doubtless, added he obligingly, that I owe the Tranquillity I begin to enjoy. But this that thou has related to me has filled me with Indignation: I will never again suffer a Cheik in my Dominions; or at least if they are ever met in the Streets by Night, they shall be imprison'd for a Year; but what Pleasure could this wretched **Gianor* find in eating the Heart of a Man? To dissipate all the black Ideas which this Recital has given me, and which thy Presence alone

has

** Infidel, a Term of Contempt and Horror.*

has soften'd, I will have thee relate to me To-morrow some History less tragical than most of those have been that thou hast told me. To-morrow I shall have the Honour to relate to you the *Basket*, returned *Moradbak* as she withdrew. The *Basket*, so be it, reply'd *Hudjadge*; and the next Day she begun the following History :



THE



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
BASKE.

ANCIENT History furnishes us with the Example of a young King, nam'd *Kemfarai*, valuable for all manner of good Qualities, and was wholly occupy'd with the Good of his Subjects: Justice being the only Rule of his Actions, the Poor had a still freer Access to him than the Rich. The Knowledge of what passes, which is necessary to form a great Prince, was the principal Object of his Study. Thus with a Design of knowing every considerable Event that happen'd in any of the Kingdoms of *Asia*, he had built a Caravansera, which might with Reason be accounted a magnificent Palace. It was in that he receiv'd all Strangers. This

This amiable Prince had them serv'd from his own Table, and had Slaves of both Sexes, whose whole Business it was to prevent their Desires and Necessities. All Strangers came thus to his Capital from every Part of the World, without any other Constraint than that of being oblig'd to entertain the King with their own Adventures, or those that had come to their Knowledge.

Thus in Tranquillity the King pass'd his Days wove with Gold and Silk, and reign'd happily in a World where every thing is liable to Decay. Fortune at length tir'd of loading him with her Favours, which he so perfectly deserv'd, at once abandon'd him.

The Repose of his Mind, the Tranquillity that his good Actions diffus'd over his whole Person, and that amiable Gaiety which always appear'd with him, abandon'd him at the same Moment; an Agitation that nothing could calm, a profound Inquietude, and a continual Melancholly succeeded the most agreeable

able Humour; his Eyes lost their Vivacity, Paleness obscur'd his Complexion, and soon he appear'd like a beautiful Rose which in the Morning is the Ornament of the Garden, but fades at the Heat of Noon, and dies almost at the Moment it has bloom'd; in fine, the Alteration of his Health, and that of his Mind, had perswaded all his Courtiers, that notwithstanding his extreme Youth, they would soon have the Sorrow to weep over his Grave, when an unforeseen Flight convey'd him unexpectedly from the Eyes of his Subjects. The Grandees of his Kingdom neglected no Means to be inform'd of his Fate; but seeing that all their Industry was in vain, they determin'd to form a Counsel who should govern during his Absence, which lasted twelve Moons, at the End of which he appear'd again when they least expected him. He was cloath'd in black, his Melancholly was excessive, no Objects being able to soften it, and his Insensibility to them all was beyond Example.

The Grandees of the Kingdom and
his

his Viziers came to receive his Orders, but he would give them none. His Indifference was so great, that he did not even perceive the singular Attachment of which his Subjects gave him so many Proofs. Yet he was still so much beloved, that the Council would not elect another King, and resolved to wait for ten Years, to see if the King would recover his Senses, his amiable Character, and all the other Qualities which had made him admir'd. Whatever Instances they made to engage him at least to reside in their Capital, they could never change the Resolution he had taken to leave it. But seeing that was impossible to make them accept his Abdication, he retir'd into a little House, built upon a solitary Mountain, which he chose to finish his Days in, without any other Company, than that of one of his Sisters named *Zabide*. This Princess had lov'd him from her Infancy with the most tender Friendship: Beauty, Youth, and Wit, were less valuable Qualities in her, than her Piety and her Attachment to the holy *Alcoran*, which she knew perfectly by Heart.

The Occasion of the King's Chagrin was unknown : He had constantly refus'd to inform all those, in whose Power it was to question him concerning it. After having been some Time in his Retirement, he fell dangerously ill, and would not suffer any Assistance, but the Cares and Affiduity of his dear *Zabide*, who redoubled her Prayers to obtain the Recovery of a Brother who was so dear to her. Her Friendship did not blind her as to the little Help that all Remedies procured ; and perceiving the fatal Moment approach, which was to close his Eyes, she drew near the Bed, and conjur'd him by all the Affection he had for her, to trust her with the Subject of his Grief : Oh, Prince ! sunk under Misfortunes, said she to him, why will you not inform me of the Cause of your Sarrows ? The Pains that you feel ~~are~~ redoubled a Hundred-fold upon my Heart ; condescend to place your Confidence in me ; perhaps I may find some Remedy for your Distress : Who knows whether the great Prophet, touch'd with my

my Sorrow, may not inspire me with the
Means to assist you ?.

The King answer'd her with the deepest Sighs,-- My History is more tedious than that of *Feredbaad**, and more melancholly than that of *Wemakweazra*†. I am willing, however, to grant what you demand, in return for the tender Care you take of me, and the Friendship you have always shewn me. I will trust you then with the Cause of my Misfortunes ; you shall know in what Manner I passed in one Instant from Joy to Sorrow, and how my Heart has felt the most dreadful Strokes of the Steel of Despair. All that I can say to you can never give you even the slightest Idea of my Adventures ; there are no Terms strong enough to express what I have seen : But you desire it, and I will satisfy you.

G 2 : You

* Consolation in Affliction: This is an *Arabian* Book of *Ali* and *Hassan*, surnam'd *Tenoukbi de Teynouk*, a Tribe of the *Arabians*.

† This is a Romance written in Persian Verse, which contains the Loves of *Wamak* and *Ezra*, two celebrated Lovers, who liv'd before the Time of *Mahomet*.

You know; that in the happy Time of my Life, I pass'd a Part of every Day with Strangers, who related to me either their own Adventures, or those they had been able to inform themselves of. Amongst the Number of those Travellers, who continually fill'd my Caravansera, I met a kind of Dervise, habited in black. Notwithstanding the Gloominess of his Habit, his Figure was as agreeable as his Conversation was interesting; he even appear'd to me, according to the Phrase of one of our celebrated Poets, as a Sea of Charms, in which I plung'd myself with Pleasure. He was a Garden of Roses that diffus'd an Odour of Friendship, with which my Heart was captivated. In fine, I was enchanted with the Histories that he related to me; so natural was the Art of Eloquence to him: But he still refus'd to inform me for what Reason he was so incessantly plung'd into the most profound Reveries, and what engag'd him to wear this Habit of Mourning. I neglected nothing in order to seduce him by my Presents: I gave him magnificent Vests, Girdles
adorn'd

adorn'd with Diamonds, and Purses of Gold : In a word, I made use of all that I thought capable of inducing him to satisfy me. My Perseverance and my Importunity touch'd him much more than my Presents.---You will then, said he to me, with a redoubled Sorrow, you will know what has happen'd to me. It would be easier for me to explain to you the History of the Bird * *Anka*, than to perswade you of the reality of my Misfortunes ; rather wish that such Adventures should be for ever forgot ; and above all things, dread the Desire of being convinc'd of them by your own Experience. I continu'd my Instances ; I redoubled my Caresses, and this was what he related to me.

G 3

The

* This is a Bird which the *Perfians* call *Pimurg*, and the *Arabians*, *Anka*, which is what we translate by *Griffin* : This Bird, according to the *Orientals*, is monitrous ; it speaks all manner of Languages ; it is endu'd with Reason, and capable of Religion. *Thamurath*, the third *Perfian* Monarch of the first Dynasty, according to the *Pichdafens*, was transported upon this Bird to the imaginary Regions. The *Orientals* say, that this Bird has long since retir'd to the Mountains of *Kâf*, which surround the World, and that the Place of its Retreat is unknown.

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The City of *Medbouchan* is situated in the Kingdom of *China*; almost all those who inhabit it are remarkable for their Melancholly; they never wear any thing but black; and such Strangers whose ill Fortune or great Rashness have drawn into that City, find it very difficult to enter into any Society with them. 'Tis in that City alone that you can be inform'd of the Misfortune that I undergo; it is there that the just Subject of my Grief, and the Passions with which my Heart is torn, may be found; and there you may be convinc'd of the Truth of my Situation, which no Relation could perswade you of. As the Dervise finish'd these Words, he saluted me, took all the Presents that I had made him, and left me tormented with the most excessive Curiosity.

The Obscurity of this History, and the small Detail with which it was accompanied, serv'd only to augment the Desire I had to be instructed in such uncommon Things. I was then wholly taken up with

with a Desire of judging by my own Experience of so singular an Adventure; and that Desire, which was the Source of this Change in my Behaviour, increas'd to such a Degree, that I could no longer forbear undertaking a Journey to *Medbouchan*. I took a great Quantity of Jewels with me; I departed in disguise, and took the Road to *China*, with the highest Satisfaction; and I used most incredible Diligence. The Care I had taken to conceal myself from the Knowledge of all Persons, succeeded perfectly. At length I arriv'd in the Kingdom of *China*, where this most fatal Curiosity led me with inconceivable Ardour. The Sight of this new World charm'd me, since it was to satisfy my Curiosity; I was not long before I met a numerous Caravan, to which I join'd myself; it brought me into the midst of that great Empire; there I quitted it to follow the Road which led to the City of *Medbouchan*, where I arriv'd, after having suffer'd, with Pleasure, all the Fatigues of so long and painful a Journey.

Almost

Almost all the People of this City were, in effect, cloathed in black, as the Dervise had inform'd me: The most profound Melancholly reign'd on all Sides: I met with no Compliments of Reception; I did not draw one Look upon me; and all those who wore Mourning, walk'd in the Streets about their Affairs, with their Eyes cast upon the Ground, their Heads sunk in a Cap, and wrapp'd up, and almost lost in their Mourning Habits. I was oblig'd then to pass several Days in the Caravansera, where I alighted without any other Employment than that of walking continually about the City, and searching for some Person who would answer to my Questions. I had employ'd all possible Means of entering into Conversation with those I saw cloath'd in Mourning; but they either did not hearken to me, or made me no Answer, but by a Sigh. I perswaded myself, with Reason, that a Man who was not in Mourning, might be in a more proper Condition to satisfy me. Therefore after some Days I acquir'd an Intimacy with a young Merchant;

chant ; he was affable, and extremely polite to Strangers ; he sung to Perfection, and play'd equally well upon several Instruments ; and his Face was more pleasing than the Sun : He was so satisfy'd with my Conversation, that after having shew'd a thousand Civilities to me, he would absolutely conduct me to his House. I accepted his Offers ; and the first Day that I lodg'd there, he made a great Repast, where I was treated with equal Taste and Magnificence. I became in a little Time his Friend and Confidant, and perceiving that he always eluded the Questions that my Curiosity induc'd me to make, upon the Melancholly and Mourning that I saw spread over the whole City, I one Day embrac'd his Knees, and conjur'd him by the Hospitality which he so generously exercis'd in regard to me, to inform me of it, and not to render so tedious a Journey useless, which I had undertaken wholly with that Intention. This young Man listen'd to me with much Emotion and Chagrin, and answer'd me with a Tone of Kindness and Concern,---Cease

my Friend, to wish to be acquainted with a thing, which can only give you infinite Pain ; imitate my Example ; I never would know it by my own Experience : That Condition to which I saw all those reduc'd, who attempted this Adventure ; their Gayety and their Agreeableness lost, and their whole Mind entirely chang'd, have render'd me wise at their Expence : Be you the same ; I conjure you by my Advice, depend upon me, that what you demand to know, can only be dangerous to you, without being of any Use. This Refusal only augmented my Curiosity still further. I related my History to him, and did not conceal from him my Condition. This Confession made him have more Regard to my Prayers ; he had Compassion of my Intteaties, and said to me with a melancholly Smile, but full of Complacency, Oh, Friend of my Heart ! This Mystery cannot be explain'd to you ; to be inform'd of it, you must go out of the City : 'Tis there, as I have been told, that all will be disclos'd to your Eyes. Let us depart this Moment, said I with Vivacity.

Vivacity. He had Pity upon my Situation ; he preceded me, and I follow'd him. We arriv'd in a Desert Place not far from the City : The Solitude of this Quarter inspir'd me with a secret Horror : When we had walk'd some Time, we found a ruin'd Palace, in the midst of which we saw a Basket, suspended by a Cord, which appear'd to be fix'd to the highest Part of a half-ruin'd Dome ; the young Merchant pointing to the Basket, and looking upon me, with Eyes bath'd in Tears,---Place yourself, said he to me, in this Basket, and since you are absolutely resolv'd, feel by Experience the Pain that it occasions.

I was scarce enter'd it, when I found myself snatch'd up with the Rapidity of Lightning ; it was equal to the Swiftness of a Griffin, who takes her Flight to the highest Region of the Air. I was in an Instant so prodigiously high, that I soon touch'd the Skies : I would have look'd upon the Earth, but how great was my Astonishment, when I saw that that Universe which had appear'd so vast to me, seem'd

seem'd now only a Point. Then, when it was too late, I repented my Rashness. From whom could I hope for Assistance in the middle of the Air ! I abandon'd myself to Despair, and hung down my Head, saying to cruel Fortune, Strike, Barbarian, I am ready to receive the Blow.

I was in this terrible Situation, when the Basket stopt in a Place of Delight, and fix'd itself in the midst of a Garden, which surpass'd in Beauty the Sun itself. I immediately alighted from a Vehicle which had given me so many Alarms ; immediately it rose up into the Air, and I lost Sight of it. Judge, if my Inquietude was not soon turn'd into Pleasure, when I found myself in a Place where the Earth was enamell'd with a thousand different Flowers, the Mixture of which presented a very agreeable Spectacle to the Sight, whilst the Smell diffus'd the most exquisite Perfume. I return'd a thousand Praises to God, who had thus happily conducted me into so charming a Paradice. After having travers'd

vers'd this Garden, I found a second, which was wholly fill'd with Roses. A thousand Birds testify'd by their Songs the Pleasure they felt in residing there. In the midst of this Garden, there appear'd a large Bason, the Waters of which, more clear than Chrystal, dispers'd themselves, with a pleasing Murmur, into an infinite Number of Canals, whose Banks were totally cover'd with Roses and Violets. The softest and most refreshing Breezes fanned the Flowers of this Garden of Delight ; and the stately Poplars seem'd proud of the Shade they gave to them. The Bottom of this Bason was more shining than the Flambeaux that are carried before the Kings of the *Indies*, and its Edges were adorn'd with the richest Carpets, some embroider'd with Gold, some *Chinese* Silks ; others whose Taste surpass'd their Magnificence. At one End of the Garden was to be perceiv'd a Throne of Gold, cover'd with a Tent of Sattin, and surrounded by the most magnificent Sopha's ; a great Number of Vases fill'd with Sherbet, and the most exquisite Wines were plac'd on each Side

Side of the Throne ; the Delicacy of the Tables which were placed under the Shadow of the most beautiful Trees, seem'd to be the Height of Luxury and Magnificence ; they were cover'd with a Profusion of delicious Meats, destin'd more to reanimate the Voluptuous, than to repair the Spirits of a Traveller. I was not long before I satisfy'd that Hunger and excessive Thirst with which I was tormented. After having restor'd my exhausted Strength, I again return'd Thanks to God for all his Bounty, and chose out the Shade of a Poplar to enjoy the Sweets of that Repose which I stood in need of, and to reflect at Ease upon all that I saw, so opposite to those Ideas which the Dervise and the Merchant would have given me of it. I could not conceive their Error, for they had appear'd to me to have too much Probity to endeavour to impose upon me. At length, as it is but too natural to flatter ourselves, I perswaded myself that I had met with Distinctions which others had not deserv'd.

The

The Sun was replac'd by the obscurest Night, and the Bird of the Moon had ceas'd her agreeable Songs. When I awak'd, I then perceived, through the Shade of the Trees, several Flambeaux, whose Light was more shining than that of the Stars: I heard a confus'd Noise in the Air, and perceiv'd a great Number of Virgins, whose Beauty seem'd admirable; their Modesty, heighten'd by a thousand Charms, would have soften'd the most insensible Heart, and their Lustre surpass'd that of the Angels; their Bosoms were as white and as sweet as Jessamine, their Faces were as sparkling as the Moon, and their beauteous Hair flowing upon their Shoulders, whose Whiteness would have sham'd the fairest Ivory, might have made the very Angels themselves desire, and envy them. The Heavens and the Earth seem'd by their profound Silence to pay Homage to these Beauties. Each of them bore a Flambeau whiter than Snow, and this Light serv'd to display all their Graces and Attractions. In the midst of this divine

divine Train, I perceiv'd a Princess magnificently adorn'd, but whose Beauty far surpass'd her Ornaments : She spread around her the most dazzling Lustre : The celestial Spirits themselves would have blush'd in her Presence : Her Eyes were like those of a young *Antelope* ; her Hair was as dark as that of an *Indian*, and her Compexion as fair as a *Circassian*. She advanc'd with equal Grace and Majesty, and plac'd herself upon a Throne of Gold. Immediately she loosed her Veil, which till then had waved upon her Shoulders, and all the Virgins who attended her, like so many Stars, stood up in the Presence of this dazzling Moon, and were occupy'd in attending the Orders of this Rose of Beauty. At the first Inclination she seem'd to testify, they placed the Tables, which they cover'd with preserv'd Fruits ; the Plates of Gold and Porcelain appear'd on all Sides in a Moment, and their Lustre was ballanc'd by that of the Chrystal which enclos'd the Liquors, whose Sparkling equall'd those of the Diamonds of the *Mogul*. Some of these beauteous Virgins affi-

affiduously attended upon the Princess; others seem'd to vye which should most charm her Ear by the most tender and harmonious Musick. They had different Instruments, upon which they play'd to such Perfection, that the Angels in Heaven broke their Harps with Jealousy. Yet still this Queen of Beauty, this Rose of Charms, spoke not one Word; the exquisite Wines, and the Sound of the Instruments were for some time her only Pleasure. At length she lift up her dazzling Eyes, and addressing herself to one of the Virgins of her Train, she said to her with the most enchanting Voice, Go immediately and search the Garden; if you find a Stranger in it, conduct him into my Presence. The beautiful Virgin, after having profoundly saluted the Princess, quitted her Place, and flew through the Garden, like a gentle Wind reviving the Flowers and Fruits. She made several Turns in vain; but at length she found me at the Foot of the Poplar, from whence I had not mov'd. She approach'd me, and said, saluting me, Arise, Stranger, the Princess demands you. I obey'd her immediately,

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diately, follow'd her, and soon arriv'd before the Throne of the Princess. I assur'd her that I shou'd think myself happy in being the meanest of her Slaves; then crossing my Arms upon my Breast, I remained standing before this divine Beauty. I durst scarce look upon her, the Emotion that her Charms had given me making me almost void of Sense. The Princess was not long before she address'd her Speech to me with infinite Sweetness, and gave me all the Marks of Politeness and Affability, saying to me, Take a Place upon a Sophia; reassur yourself, we are far from despising a Stranger who appears Master of so much Sense and Politeness. Her Discourse was made with such an Air of Sincerity, that I immediately obey'd: Then she order'd a Vase to be presented to me full of so delicious a Liquor, that I felt myself entirely alter'd as soon as I had swallow'd it. Thus I easily forgot all the melancholly Account that had been given me to prevent my seeing so beautiful a Place. The Princess order'd the Musick to begin once more: The Musicians

cians placed themselves around her ; their Flutes and their Tymbals forc'd me to interrupt them every Moment by my Applauses ; their Rebals inspir'd my Heart with Tenderness, and their Harps seem'd to invite to a mutual Love : During this Interval two young Slaves carried round golden Cups full of the most exquisite Wine. Soon after these Beauties rose and danc'd with the same Justness and Elegance as they had shewn in their Musick. Sometimes they interrupted their Steps by drinking each other's Health, and sometimes by giving and receiving a thousand tender and engaging Care-ses. The Wine soon gave them an agreeable Vermillion, which adorn'd them, and still heighten'd the Whiteness of their Bosoms. The Heads of these beautiful Virgins were adorn'd with little Caps, negligently thrown on, and leaning to one Side ; and incessantly they gave or receiv'd a thousand Kisses of Friendship. Joy and Pleasure seem'd to have establish'd an eternal Residence in their Hearts ; they fill'd the Air with every Sound that cou'd express a pleasing

Joy,

Joy, and a delicious Rapture ; and notwithstanding their Amusements, they testify'd continually to me by their Glances, the Pleasure they had in my Presence.

Whilst they passed their Time thus, the Queen of Beauty looking upon me with Softness, ask'd me several Questions, to which I answer'd in a manner that seem'd to satisfy her. She wish'd to know my Name and my Country ; I conceal'd nothing from her. She ask'd me what Reasons had induc'd me to attempt this Adventure. I confess'd to her how much the Dervise had excited my Curiosity by his Relation, and that from that Time the World had become insipid to me, and I had been unable to resist the Desire of judging myself of a Thing which made such strong Impressions upon all those who had seen it. But what astonishes me, added I, is his Silence as to so surprizing and so admirable an Object as the Princess of this Paradice.---I am not in the least surpriz'd at it, reply'd she ; almost all those who arrive here are enchanted by the Pleasures of the Table,

the

the Musick, the Dancing, or at least by the Beauty of my Slaves. Besides, can you imagine that I condescend to converse with them? I thank'd her for so flattering a Preference, protested to her that my whole Life should be employ'd in serving and admiring her, and remark'd that these Protestations threw her into a Reverie.---Take a Share in the Pleasures that are tasted here, said she to me, and if ever we are parted, remember me. Oh Queen of Beauty, pursu'd I, how can I possibly forget you, whilst so many, unworthy of you, sigh and lament continually their being absent from you! It is not me that they regret, said she, I inform you once more, and I am not displeas'd at it, it is the Pleasures they tasted here. How can they exist separately from you, resumed I with Eagerness? Are not you the very Essence of them all united? You say too much to be believ'd, return'd the Princess: We shall see each other again To-morrow; this agreeable Garden is destin'd for my Walks and for my Suppers. All the Virgins that you see here are in my Service, and you may freely

freely command those who please you the most. I would have refused a Proposal which was displeasing to my Heart, and strongly opposite to the Sentiments that she had inspir'd me with, and expressed by the most tender Glances how much she had enchanted me. Be satisfy'd, said she, with what I have already done for you: Have no Impatience, and be fully perswaded that if ever you suffer yourself to be led away by your impetuous Desires, you will be the melancholly Victim of them. I promised her whatever she desir'd, lest I should lose what she had already granted. I repeat it to you once more, said she, and abandon to your Desires all the Virgins that are in my Service; chuse freely, and extinguish with them this Fire that enflames you; it is a Law, a Command necessarily imposed upon all that arrive hither. In a Moment my Imagination was filled with those Pleasures which I soon hop'd to find in reality, and my Heart was plung'd into a Sea of Joy and Voluptuousness. The Princess retir'd, and all the Virgins of her Train followed her like

like the *Pleiades*, but she who by her Command I had chose, remained with me. I presented my Hand to her, we laid down upon the Sopha, and pass'd the Night there in the Height of Pleasure; but all these Delights did not make me forget the Princess, Ideas of her occupying me fully. When the Sun appear'd upon the Horizon, and began to gild the Summit of the Mountains, the Beauty, who had perfum'd my Soul with the pleasing Odour of Voluptuousness, said to me as she quitted me,--We shall see each other at Night, if you make me again your Choice. I had not Time to return an Answer; she took her Flight, and vanish'd. The Idea of seeing the Princess again employ'd me the whole Day; I pass'd it alone, seated on the Banks of a Canal, without any other Amusement than that of exquisite Wines, and the most delightful Walks. I gave myself up to all the Hopes that the Ideas of the preceding Evening gave me for the approaching Night; and these Ideas presented themselves to my Mind with as much Variety and Rapidity as the Waters of

of the Rivulet, whose Murmurs amus'd me without interrupting my Thoughts. My Heart sometimes seem'd to touch the Moment of its Happiness, sometimes appear'd far distant from it, and always foresaw, with Dread, some insurmountable Obstacles. Great Prophet! cried I, I am at length arriv'd at the Port of Felicity, and have found, without Labour, the greatest Treasures! But, alas, I have made a wrong Use of them; I have perhaps tasted this abundant Source of Wine only as a common and insipid Water? A thousand different Thoughts agitated my Mind. At length, after having incessantly counted the Moments, and recommended to myself a Patience which I could not exercise, the Night arriv'd, and I saw the Flambeaux appear, whose sparkling Lustre was bright enough to enlighten the whole World. I felt the most excessive Transports when I perceiv'd the Queen of Beauty, preceded by her charming Court, and flew hastily to throw myself at her Feet. This divine Beauty expressed still more Goodness and Tenderness for me than she did the Night before;

before ; she would absolutely have me place myself by her upon the Throne, and I was oblig'd to obey her. They brought the Tables, the Cups were presented, and this Queen of Beauty condescended herself to drink my Health. This new Favour made me immediately prostrate myself at her Feet ; and the Love which inflam'd me being no longer to be constrain'd, I conjur'd her to give me her Hand, to extinguish by that Water of Pleasure the Fire which inflam'd my Soul. Then this amiable Princess casting upon me a Glance full of Fire, accompany'd with a bewitching Smile, testify'd to me by that eloquent Silence, that she could not see me with Indifference : At the same Instant she gave me her Cheek to kiss. I imagin'd it strew'd with Lillies and Roses ; and unable to master my Transports, I kiss'd not only her Cheeks, but her beauteous Lips, more glowing than the *Indian* Corral. So great a Happiness left me no longer the Use of Reason, and I spoke without Constraint or Discretion, all that a boundless Love and an Excess of De-

fire could inspire me with... Queen of Lovers, said I to her, how great is your Beneficence to a Stranger so unworthy of your Favours! But what do I say! I call you beneficent, whilst you are Beneficence itself! Perhaps I express myself still too faintly. What then can you be, oh Beauty of Beauties? Are you an Angel, or a Celestial Spirit? Are you a Sun, or the shining Star of the Firmament? Satisfy, I conjure you, so reasonable a Curiosity. The Princess then lifting up her Head, with all the Charms and Graces imaginable, said to me, Do not abuse my Goodness, I conjure you. No, beauteous Queen, said I; is it abusing them to know them and to feel their Value? She then presented her Right Hand to me; and looking upon me with a Countenance full of Softness and Grace, she threw herself about my Neck, saying, You are agreeable to me; but behaye always with Moderation. They then brought us the most delicious Wines, and the most rare and uncommon Meats; the Chrystral Glasses were as white as the Narcissus's, and they were passed round:

They

They animated Joy and Pleasure in the
Hearts of all these Suns of Beauty:
They cover'd themselves with precious
Castans, and form'd Choirs of Dances
and Songs, the Musicians performing
Airs, charming both from themselves and
from the Variety of them. These beau-
teous Virgins, whom the exquisite Wines
had overcome, soon lost their Strength
and Spirits, and retir'd apart to take
some Repose. The Queen of Beauty re-
maining alone with me, lavish'd a thou-
sand Embraces upon me. This is a glo-
rious Opportunity, said I within myself;
I restrain'd myself Yesterday, I obey'd,
and now my Patience is to be recom-
penc'd. This Hope, with which my
Mind was flatter'd, made me renew my
Instances. I threw myself again at her
Feet, embraced them with Tenderness,
and accompany'd these silent Protesta-
tions of Love by a thousand eager Sighs:
I scarce knew what I did; yet at length
breaking Silence --Ah! if it was possible,
cried I with the wildest Transport of
Love, if it was possible, beauteous Queen,
that our Hearts, our Souls might be

united; if I might satisfy my eagrest Wishes; if—— I should have said much more, but she stop'd my Words. Is it thus, said she to me, ungrateful as you are, that you fulfil your Engagements, and return the Distinction with which I have treated you? What Confidence can I repose in you? What Assurance can I have of your Reserve and Obedience? I have chose you to be my Friend, loaded you with Favours and Complacencies, yet you are cruel enough to attempt my Honour! My Embraces and my Caresses, are they too little for you? I immediately reply'd, Unparallel'd Beauty, Divinity of the World, look upon the melancholly Condition to which this devouring Flame has reduc'd me; I sigh after the happy Moment when I may drink of that Water of Happiness of which you are the Source. The Heat of Sorrow, or rather the poison'd Dart of Love, has made an incurable Wound in my Bosom. You are the Water of * *Zulal*; who is the Patient that would

* *Zulal* signifies that soft, clear, and delicate Water that is drank in Paradice.

would not be recover'd in one Moment by drinking of this Water? Where is he, who burning with an ardent Thirst, and having a Drop of exquisite Wine in his Hand, would prefer being consum'd to the Pleasure of drinking it? The Princess not giving me Leisure to proceed, said to me with an irritated Look, You are an indiscreet Wretch; you are a Madman, who knows not the Value of my Condescensions; you refuse the Consolations I endeavour to give you, to moderate your Impatience, with the Hopes of keeping you with me as long as it is possible. I abandon my Virgins to you, to appease the devouring Flame which consumes your Heart, and torments your Mind; they have all a Complexion whiter than the Snow, their Mourn is Vermillion, their Lips resemble the Coral, and the Brightness of their Teeth, like an even Row of Pearls, is still heightened by that of their Eyes, more shining than the Stars; yet you are insensible to their Beauty, and have no Regard to what I exact from you! Ravishing Beauty, universal Mistress of Hearts, reply'd

I to her tenderly, be perswaded that I am more grateful than can be imagin'd, for the Benefits you have loaded me with, but I can never command myself from loving and adoring you. You condescend to call to my Memory the Beauties of the Virgins that you have offer'd to me ; but can the Stars ever be compar'd to the Sun ? Can the Saints ever enter into Comparison with the Celestial and Eternal Spirits ? No, charming Enchantress of all Hearts ; no, I confess to you, I set a greater Value upon one Glance of your's, than upon all those Beauties together. He who has beheld the Garden of your Beauty, can never again wish to drink of the Water of the gentle * *Keufer*. Poor and dejected as I was, I fled for Refuge to my Prince's and my Queen ; unknown, and a Stranger as I am, I have the Happiness to enjoy the Heart of my charming Sovereign. Unparallel'd Beauty, generous Conqueress, all that I possess I hold from your Bounty ; you are

* *Keufer*, is one of the Rivers of Mahomet's Paradise, whose Waters are whiter and more sweet than Milk.

are the Mistress of my Heart ; I am an unhappy Stranger, command my Fate ; all that you determine I must submit — But, alas ! is it then impossible to deserve a higher Excess of Favour ? The Princess then spoke, and said to me sighing, What fatal Desires ! you are the most unfortunate of Mankind ! why is your Heart so led away by Delusion ? You say you love me, why then do you oppose my Desires ? All I have is at your Disposal ; I reserve but one Thing, which you cannot with Reason demand, and I cannot grant without Infamy : Rather fly me, avoid me, or you are the blindest of Mankind ; cease to demand what I must not grant ; dread, lest for the Pleasure of a Moment, the Remainder of your Life should be a continued Series of Sorrow and Misfortune. As she spoke these Words, she threw her beauteous Arms tenderly about my Neck, conjuring me to forget what must render my Life unhappy. I would again have represented the Violence of my Desires, and renew'd my Entreaties ; but she still answer'd me in so resolv'd a manner,

that I could form no Reply ; she gave me Hopes for Futurity, and soften'd them by the Idea of the Accomplishment of all my Wishes. At length having render'd me the most in Love of all Mankind, she took the Hand of one of her Virgins, whom she call'd to her, put it into mine, and retir'd to taste the Sweets of Repose, recommending to me to console myself with this charming Object. I pass'd the rest of the Night with that charming Slave, and out of mere Obedience, tasted those Pleasures which must be insipid to a Heart truly touch'd by another Object.

At the Rising of the Sun, this beauteous Virgin, who deserv'd a sincere Love, took Leave of me, and disappear'd as she of the preceding Night, to rejoin her Companions, and flew with the Swift-ness of an impetuous Wind that vanishes in a Moment. I found myself then alone in the Garden, whose Solitude became still more insupportable to me. A thousand different Imaginations occupy'd my Thoughts ; but the Princess was the Subject

ject of them all. I have tormented her too much by my Prayers and my Intreaties, said I ; that beauteous Cypress will never more return into this Garden. Immediately other Ideas succeeded those, and I flatter'd myself that she reduc'd me to so melancholly a Situation, only to try the Sincerity and Tenderness of my Love. Great Prophet! can she doubt of it, cried I! But what do I say ? resumed I ; the same Moment I form vain Illusions to myself; she has not found in me Tenderness enough ; I have perhaps appear'd too sensible to the delicious Wines which were offer'd to me, and ought to have despised the Slaves that she bestow'd upon me, for she looks upon me as a Man led away by the Pleasures of Sense. Doubtless she will constantly oppose all that I demand ; she will do more, she will banish me from her Presence, and I shall never see her more. I have abused myself ; what was Gold, I have debas'd into Iron : I have suffer'd myself to be deceiv'd by the false Caresses of this cruel Charmer, and have imagin'd that I was pleasing to her. What have I not fan-

cy'd of her Constancy? But alas! the Poison of her Absence will destroy me. Then striking my Breast, and cursing the Day on which I had abandon'd myself to so fatal a Passion, I gave myself the most bitter Reproaches. In this manner I pass'd the second Day; and when the Heavens were enlighten'd with the shining Stars, I perceiv'd the beauteous Attendants of the Princes, who advanc'd according to their usual Custom into the Garden with their Flambeaux. The Queen of Beauty appear'd in the midst of them, as a stately Cypress, which rais'd its lofty Head up to the Skies, presides over all that surround it. At that Sight the Flame of my Love becoming more violent than ever, I threw myself at her Feet, with a Precipitation equal to that with which a rapid Torrent throws itself from the Summit of a Rock. She appear'd touch'd with my Eagerness; and rais'd me up with an Air of Complacency and Friendship, she gave me her Hand, and placing me once more by her upon the Throne, she order'd the Banquet to be prepar'd as usual.

The Tables

Tables were immediately placed and cover'd; Songs, Dances, and a Concert of Instruments again were perform'd; the Wine began already to animate all the Virgins, and to brighten the Mirror of their Hearts, when the Queen of Beauty commanded them to go and repose themselves. Finding myself thus left with her alone, I was not long before I renew'd my Caresses and Entreaties, shedding those Tears which Love alone is capable of producing, and said to her with all the Tenderness and Submission that was possible, Oh shining Sun! oh Ocean of Beauty! I had been dead but for your Goodness; you have reviv'd me with the Water of Life. Would you now plunge into my Bosom the Dagger of Despair! You have rais'd me to the Heavens, by the Condescension with which you receiv'd me, and now you oppose to the most excessive Eagerness, to the most lively Desires, a Refusal which sinks me to the Centre of the Earth. I conjure you, by the Hospitality you have so generously exercis'd towards me, to make me entirely happy.

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Why,

Why, reply'd she, does your Impatience make you fly to your Ruin? A Person who uses you as I have done, and refuses you nothing that is reasonable, could they do you such an Injustice, could they even give you the slightest Pain if they were not oblig'd to do it? You may one Day obtain what you are now unjust to demand, and give you my Promise of it, yet your Love cannot be satisfy'd! Oh! unparalleled Beauty, cried I with a Sigh, Time is inconstant, the Days and the Nights are not always the same, and Fortune is variable: With so much Sense as you possess, you ought to be conscious that to let a favourable Opportunity escape is the highest Folly. Can you revoke the Promise you have given me? No, you are not capable of deceiving me: Why then would you delay it? Why, my charming Queen, may it not be fulfill'd this Night? Why would you excuse yourself longer, and propose a Delay, the Motives of which are incomprehensible to me? Time is like an impetuous Wind, which in one Moment may destroy the Harvest of my Love. What would

would become of me, if my Happiness and all my Hopes should vanish? I cannot bear the Sight of your Slaves; you alone have captivated me. Have Pity of the Condition to which you have reduc'd me: I can no longer restrain my Passion, my Patience is exhausted; I have too often neglected so glorious an Opportunity; I shall not again be guilty of the same Fault, and whatever may happen to me my Passion shall be satisfied. Her Prayers and her Resistance were in vain; if Death was to be the Consequence, I was resolv'd to possess this charming Treasure.

That Beauty, who perceiv'd the Condition to which Love had reduc'd me, and who found it was not easy to escape me, consented one Moment out of Fear, and refused me the next Instant through Shame. But nothing could dissuade me from my Design. So great an Obstinacy irritated the Princess; a Blush mingled with Anger and Shame rose upon her Face, and she said to me, Well then, you shall be satisfied: Do me no Violence,

I shall no longer oppose your Desires. I only beg of you one Favour, close your Eyes for a Moment : None but yourself ever was, or ever shall be, the Master of my Soul. These gentle and flattering Words engag'd me to cover my Head with the End of my Robe ; I closed my Eyes as I had promis'd, and reflecting upon the Blessing I was going to enjoy, imagin'd myself the happiest of Mankind. The Princess said to me with a melancholly Accent, which I hop'd soon to make her forget, Open your Eyes ; I obey'd her with Transport, and found myself in that fatal Basket which had brought me there. Sorrow and Rage seiz'd upon my Senses ; I fainted away ; I recover'd my Spirits again. In the mean time the Basket rose up again into the Air, and brought me back to those Ruins where I had found it. I was going to quit these fatal Objects, making all the Imprecations imaginable against Heaven and Destiny, but was extremely surpriz'd to find the young Merchant there who had come every Day to wait for me, guessing rightly at my Misfortune. My Heart

Heart was moved within me at the Sight of him, and my Eyes became like a Sea agitated by the most impetuous Winds. This real Friend said to me, striking his Bosom, Oh! unfortunate Prince, now a Prey to the blackest Melancholly ! If I had convers'd with you a thousand Years upon what you have now beheld, confess that I could not have made it conceivable to you, and that I should only have excited your Curiosity still farther? You had the fatal Rashness to endeavour to judge of it by Experience; you have seen it, and your Heart is now pierced with the most lively Sorrow: But remember that you would have it so, and that you yourself exacted this Secret from me. I made him no Answer, but by my Sighs and Tears; and not being able to support his Presence, I took the Road to the City; he would not abandon me. I immediately cloath'd myself in the most mournful Habit; I would have gone every Day, and presented myself to the Basket; but this tender Friend assur'd me it would be always immoveable for me, and that it never receiv'd again those

whom

whom it had once bore. Do not, continu'd he, imitate the Folly of all those whom you see in the City, who cannot bring themselves to leave it ; rather seek for Consolation, or at least endeavour to remove yourself from hence, either by travelling, or by returning into the Bosom of your Family, and applying yourself to the Government of your Dominions.

Struck with his Reasons, and the Basket still refusing me, as he had foretold, I quitted him, after having embrac'd him a thousand Times, and return'd hither, where you have been a Witness of the Sorrow which I endure in my Heart, and which can never cease, but with my Life.

When King *Kemserai* had finish'd his History, the beauteous *Zabide*, who was infinitely touch'd with it, said to him, Comfort yourself, oh Prince ! however singular your Misfortunes are, I do not believe them without a Remedy. Believe me, be patient, follow the Example of the experienc'd Bird, who, when once

once she is taken, says, It is in vain to struggle, but with Patience I may perhaps be deliver'd. You endeavour to flatter me, reply'd the King sighing; but I shall never again behold that beautiful Moon of the World. Then a Torrent of Tears flow'd from his Eyes with more than usual Abundance. When *Zabide* had let his Sorrow exhale itself for some Time,--Promise me, at least, pursu'd she, not to attempt upon your Life during the Time of an Absence, which is essentially necessary for me, to execute a Project which your Situation obliges me to; my Friendship for you makes every thing appear possible; all that you have related to me is not natural; I shall find Means to unclose that Veil which conceals from us the Truth; at least I will use my utmost Efforts to do it; and if I cannot succeed in finding it out, and in diminishing your Grief, far from condemning your Despair, I swear to you by the holy Prophet, I shall be the first to approve it, and to give you the Means of finishing so melancholly a Life. Alas! reply'd the King, with a Voice interrupted by

Sobs,

Sobs, I shall lose the Consolation of a beloved Sister ; I shall not have the Satisfaction of dying in her Arms : This will be all that thy Zeal and Friendship can produce. How do we know, reply'd she, but your Eyes have been deceiv'd ? Whether some Genie, jealous of your Happiness, has not abus'd you ? Who knows also but you have made an Impression upon the Heart of this beautiful Princess ? Alas, said the King, that Happiness cannot be reserv'd for a Mortal ; I must not pretend to it : Doubtless I have seen one of the* *Houri's* of the Holy Prophet. The Fire of Despair, with which since my Separation I have been continually devour'd, is but too certain a Proof of it. The Bird of Hope could never thus intirely quit the Bosom of a Man in Love. *Zabide* spoke so persuasively to the King, that he promis'd her not to attempt upon his Life, and even to endeavour to preserve it, that he might see her once more, before he terminated so melancholly and languishing a Life. She then prepar'd every thing for

* *Houri's* are the Virgins of *Mabomet's* Paradice.

for her Departure. *Kemserai* embracing her, said to her, May the Star of Happiness attend all thy Steps! But the Heart of the Princess was so plung'd in Sorrow, that she had not Strength to speak.

She inform'd herself so exactly of the Situation of the City of *Medbouchan*, that she arrived there without any Obstacle, and with the more Ease, as she disguised her Sex, discolour'd her Skin, conceal'd her beauteous Hair under a Turban, and, in a word, shew'd not the least Appearance of that Beauty with which Heaven had adorn'd her. She found every thing conformable to the Relation of the King her Brother: She ask'd the first Man whom she met, cloath'd in Mourning, the Way to the Basket; but he made her no Answer but by a Sigh: She perceiv'd that he went out of the City; she follow'd him, and soon arriv'd at the Ruins, which she found fill'd by about twenty Men cloath'd in black, who made vain Efforts to place themselves in it. The Basket receiv'd her the Moment she presented herself. She enter'd it with Vivacity, and was

was snatch'd up like Lightning, in the midst of the Cries and Regrets of those who had presented themselves in vain. She arrived in the Garden of the Princess. The Description that had been given her of it, was so exact, that she easily knew it to be the same. When the Night was come, and the Virgins had taken their Places, they came in search of her, to conduct her to the Princess. She was struck with that Beauty which render'd the melancholly Situation of the King her Brother excusable. Yet she remark'd a Dejectedness upon her Face, a Languor in her Eyes, and a Melancholly over her whole Person, which she strove in vain to conceal. She gave her an affable, but a cold and perplex'd Reception. *Zabide*, with a Design of satisfying her Curiosity, thought herself oblig'd to use the same Assiduities as if she had really been what she appear'd to be. The Interest which she began to take in the Princess, the Concern that her Brother's Situation gave her, and the Desire she had to serve him ; all these Sentiments, mix'd with Curiosity, gave her a Vivacity which

which easily deceiv'd a Person so indifferent as the Princess appear'd to be. *Zabide* would, by degrees, have taken some Liberties, and offer'd some Caresses, but they were refus'd with Severity. The Dances were perform'd as they had been before the King ; they serv'd the Wine with Profusion in Cups of Gold ; and the Princess hastening to finish the Supper, offer'd one of her Slaves to *Zabide* : Permit me to refuse her, said this charming Maid ; the Idea of your Beauty is too fix'd in my Heart not to employ me wholly, till the Moment I may behold you again. Independently of the Passion this express'd to the Princess, she testify'd this Delicacy, to find out whether her Brother ought not to reproach himself with having accepted the Slaves that had been offer'd to him. But the Princess answer'd her with an Inquietude and an Alarm that she could not conceal : What ! do you refuse one of these beauteous Virgins ! 'Tis the only thing, Sovereign of Beauty, return'd *Zabide*, that I can refuse of all that you may condescend to offer to your Slave. This Refusal

fusal is not admitted here, interrupted the Princess ; the Law which permits you to be brought hither, continu'd she, obliges you to make Choice of a Slave, and to pass the Night with her : If you do not, you must prepare to leave us. *Zabide* yielded at this Menace. At least condescend to make the Choice yourself, Soul of my Thoughts, said she. They are all equal to me, interrupted the Princess, with Disdain ; take her who appears the handsomest in your Eyes. I wish, pur-s'd *Zabide*, since I must absolutely chuse one, or cease to see you, I wish that I knew which of them appear'd the least agreeable to you, I would give her the Preference, to prove the Impression you have made upon my Heart. The Princess then assuming an Air of Impatience,--Never Stranger, said she, shew'd so much Coolness of Temper and Indifferency as you have done : Take, I say, her whom you like best ; only take one. *Zabide* seeing that this Dispute was in vain, gave the Preference to her whose Countenance appear'd the most lively, and shew'd the greatest Sense. Beautiful *Mou-na*,

na, remain with the Stranger, said the Princess to her, and immediately retir'd. *Mouna* and *Zabide* placed themselves upon a Sopha, and for some Time kept a profound Silence. One waited with Impatience for that Tribute to be paid her Charms which they deserv'd, and yet burnt with Eagerness to make her Advances ; and the other, considering how she might best satisfy her Curiosity.

At length *Mouna* approach'd her, and by her Careffes and Embraces would have begun their Conversation and their Acquaintance ; but *Zabide* return'd them with a Coolness that surpriz'd and afflicted the lively and impatient *Mouna*,--Suspend your Favours to me, resum'd the amiable *Zabide*, allow me Time to deserve them ; but condescend in the mean time to inform me what you know of the Princess, and the mysterious Basket. Dearest Stranger, reply'd she, may a Chain of Prosperity link all the Days of thy Life ! I wish I could satisfy thy Curiosity. Trust me, let us rather satisfy the Desires of our Souls ; constrain thine

no longer ; let mine be exhal'd, and let us make use of this happy Opportunity. *Zabide* reply'd, that she must first answer to her Questions : And *Mouna* again speaking, said to her with Impatience, My Companions and I are kept here without any Possibility of knowing what thou demandest of me. It is now six Years since I was stolen away by some Merchants of Slaves, who sold me into this Country, where I was plac'd with all those whom thou hast seen : We lodge in a Seraglio, separate from that of the Princesses ; we have no Communication with her, and we never see her but at the Hour of Supper, and in the Morning, when, quitting the Stranger, we go to give an Account before her and the King, in Presence of his Council, of all that he has said to us. 'Tis with extreme Precaution that the Eunuchs conduct us to the Palace, and bring us back to our usual Habitation : It is forbid to all Persons whatsoever, under Pain of Death, to speak to us, or to answer us if we speak to them. Thou seest plainly, therefore, continu'd she, that this Relation is not worthy to interrupt

interrupt the Pleasures that we have the Liberty to taste : Come then, Sun of my Thoughts, said she, renewing her Caresses, with Eyes inflam'd by Desire ; come, and transport my Soul. *Zabide*, who had never found herself in such a Situation, said to her, My dear *Mouna*, thy Beauty and thy Sensibility might easily seduce my Heart ; I do Justice to them both ; but I am not in a Condition to profit by them. What prevents thee ? return'd *Mouna*, with equal Vivacity and Uneasiness. The Beauty of the Princess has so powerfully captivated my Soul, pursu'd the charming *Zabide*, she is so totally the Sovereign of my Heart, that I am incapable of abandoning myself to any other Idea. How unhappy am I ! cry'd the tender *Mouna*, melting into Tears ! What can I do to please thee, oh thou most cruel of Men ! Despair of nothing, beauteous *Mouna*, said she, I may perhaps do Justice to thy Charms, let those of thy Mind appear ; they are as capable of making an Impression on the Heart, as those of the Person. The Princess, beautiful as she is, has not, per-

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haps, so much Vivacity and Agreeableness of Temper. She is incomparable, reply'd *Mouna*, redoubling her Tears; she is a Sun of Perfection: 'Tis true, indeed, but for some Time her Gaiety has not appear'd the same as usual to us, and that she discovers great Inequality of Humour. Sighs escape her, which she strives in vain to restrain; her Repasts are much shorter; she comes later to the Garden, and seems to be employ'd with the Means of leaving it all the while she is there: In a word, that Softness and Gaiety, which were natural to her, no longer animate us in our Pleasures. But since what Time, demanded *Zabide*, hast thou remark'd so great a Change? Since six Months, or thereabouts, reply'd she, that a Stranger pass'd three Days with us, which is not usual; for generally after the first Night, they are conveyed away from us. *Zabide* having desir'd her to describe that Stranger, and *Mouna* making the Portrait of the King her Brother, she redoubled her Questions, and the Slave, tho' with great Uneasiness, went on thus: I suppose his Conversation was more agree-

agreeable to the Princess, than any of the others ; for the Favours she shewed him were of far greater Extent : He even was seduc'd by my Companions, and by Consequence ought to have departed the same Day : But the Princess, who doubtless took a Pleasure in seeing him, forbid the Slaves, who passed the two Nights with him, to own they did before the King her Brother, and the Council : He would have been happy, if the third Day he could have overcome the Flames with which he burnt for the Princess ; but he forgot himself, and his Presumption was punish'd. From that Time our Hearts were cover'd with *Surma* *, and all our Pleasures are vanish'd with him ; we cannot hope to see him again, and all that we have to desire, is, that his Memory may be effaced for ever. How can I believe, return'd *Zabide*, that the Princess has preserv'd so lively a Remembrance of this happy Stranger ! The Pleasures of this Garden of Delights, and the Favours

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* *Surma*, is a black Colour, with which the Turkish Women usually paint their Eye-brows, and which they also use as an Allegory for Melancholly and Chagrin.

she showers upon all those whom the Basket incessantly conducts to her Presence, seem to discredit the Recital thou hast made me. It is easy to answer thee, resum'd *Mouna*, Strangers come not hither continually ; they have even lately been much seldomner brought than ever ; and the Princess had never open'd the Treasury of her Favour so much as to the Stranger whom thou appearest to interest thyself so much about. 'Tis true, he deserved all that she cou'd grant to him ; my Companions, who pass'd the two Nights with him, have him still present in their Minds ; they speak of him incessantly, and thou alone art capable of filling my Soul with an equal Passion, if thou wouldest answer to my Love. Continue thy Relation, interrupted *Zabide* ; the Princess then never testify'd so much Goodness to any other Stranger ? No, doubtless, resum'd *Mouna* ; she contented herself before to let her Charms appear, to have the Effects of them admir'd as a beneficent Star, to cast some Glances from her beauteous languishing Eyes, sometimes to permit them to drink her

her Health, but that was a Favour she seldom granted ; and in fine, sometimes to say a flattering or an obliging Word. Since that Time she has retrench'd many of these Favours, as thou may'st judge by thyself : As to the rest, her Beauty alone, her Gracefulness, her Lustre, the exquisite Wines, the Perfumes, the Dances, the Musick, and the Sight of the Virgins who were at the Disposal of all Strangers, generally fill'd all those who presented themselves with Voluptuousness and Delight. Respect always constrain'd them before the Princes ; but they have all either yielded to the Slaves whom she commanded them to chuse, or else given themselves up, with too much Excess, to the delicious Wines that were presented to them with Profusion : From that Moment we saw them no more ; we are even assur'd that they become inconsolable, and that the Remembrance of this Garden renders all the Pleasures of the World insipid to them. 'Till now I cou'd scarce conceive such a Disgust to be possible ; but I feel that thy Absence will soon render even this Place insupportable

to me. This is all that I know, continu'd she, I swear to thee by the King of the Genies. Thou art willing then to part from me, and to lose me for ever, return'd *Zabide*, and thou consentest never to see me more, since thou wouldest have me yield to thy Desires. 'Tis thy Coldness that distracts me, reply'd the beauteous *Mouna*; I feel the Reason of what thou sayest to me; but how is it possible to be reasonable when we are with an Object that we love! I have but one Question more to make thee, interrupted *Zabide*. — What! still more Questions, cry'd *Mouna* dejectedly, and never any Mark of Tenderness? Thou shalt be one Day satisfied with my Sentiments, reply'd *Zabide*; I fwear to thee, I will give thee every Proof of them that is in my Power; and perceiving that this Assurance had a little calm'd the Spirits of the tender *Mouna*, she proceeded thus: — Thou appearest to me extremely young to have been here six Years? I was fifteen, my Lord, when I arrived here. But what astonishes even myself, added she, is, that there has been no Appearance of Change

Change in my Person. That is not in the Order of Nature, interrupted *Zahide*, thou dost not appear in effect to be above fifteen: Yet the prodigious Number of Strangers who have come hither, and to whom thou hast been deliver'd, should--- Alas! if it was an Honour, and desirable to my Companions to be chose, it would have been the last of Misfortunes to me, said she; thou art the first who has granted me a Preference, which I did not expect to have found so cruel a one: Yes, dear Sultan of my Heart, it will make my Life unhappy; a secret Foreboding, doubtless, prevented me from desiring it till now; yet as soon as I saw thee, thou madest me wish to be preferr'd. I long'd to kiss thy beauteous Eyes, to embrace thee, and to live with thee for ever. The Roses of the Parterre of my Life are not yet wither'd; thou allowest that thyself; why, then, Inhuman, dost thou load me with Rigour? What will my Companions say? How shall I appear before them, added she, melting into Tears, when they know the Contempt with which thou hast treated me?

Comfort thyself, my dearest *Mouna*, resum'd *Zabide*, with infinite Softness, I cannot yet resolve to lose thee ; confess frankly to thy Companions, that I am a Man distracted with my Passion for the Princess ; thy Vanity will thus have less to suffer ; and, in the mean time, I promise thee to return thy Tenderness reciprocally, if thou wilt do me a Service which is essential to me. What would I not do to deserve thy Favour, reply'd *Mouna*, with a Tenderness mingled with Tears ! Thou must, pursu'd *Zabide*, endeavour to penetrate into the Reasons of the mysterious Basket, and those of the Reception which the Princess appears oblig'd to give to all those whom it conveys hither. What I have seen, the little that thou hast now acquainted me with, the Mystery that is observ'd in the Account which is given to the King in Presence of his Council ; all seems to me to conceal some uncommon Truth ; thou shalt give me an Account To-morrow of what thou hast discover'd ; I promise thee not to chuse another Slave, so we shall have an Opportunity of seeing each other again.

again. Then *Zabide* retir'd, to rest upon a Corner of the *Sopha*, and told *Mouna* to place herself at the other End. What! shall I not so much as sleep near thee, cry'd *Mouna*, with a Heart penetrated with Sorrow? No, reply'd *Zabide*, it cannot now be otherwise: Thou must do what I require. *Mouna* was then oblig'd to obey; but she pass'd the whole Night in Tears and Sighs. When the Bird with Wings of Gold was ready to leave his blessed Nest, with all the Charms of its Beauty, she tore herself from the Place, not without having reliev'd her Heart by a Kiss, which she gave to the beauteous *Zabide*, who could scarce disengage herself from her Embraces. However, she conjur'd her, at her Departure, to inform herself carefully of every thing she had desir'd to know, and made an Appointment for the Night.

Mouna went with Pain from the Object of her Love; and *Zabide* finding herself alone, abandon'd herself to the Reflections which all she saw here, and the Interest she took in her Brother, cou'd

give her. She wander'd over both the Gardens ; she examin'd the Pavilion of the Throne, in hopes of making some Remark that might be of Use ; but all her Searches were in vain : The Gate which serv'd as an Entrance into the Garden for the Princess and her Court, was large, and encrusted with white Marble, adorn'd with Brass gilt ; it was close shut, and permitted not the Sight to pass thro' it : It was in considering all these Objects, and making all these Reflections, that *Zabide* pass'd the second Day.

When the Night was come, the Princess appear'd as usual, but with still less Gaiety than the Evening before. *Zabide* flew to her, and testify'd the more Vivacity and Emotion, as she was sensible of the Cause of her Chagrin. The Princess said to her, in answer to the flattering Discourses she made to her, How ! Stranger, is it thus that you acknowledge my Bounty ? You appear full of Softness and Politeness ; you endeavour to perswade me ; yet your Actions are far from answering your Words. What can the

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Sultana of Greatness reproach me with ? In what can her Slave have displeased her ? cry'd the beauteous *Zabide*, falling on her Knees. You have loaded my Slave with Contempt, resum'd the Princess, with Chagrin ; what can be the Motive of such a Coldness ? The Passion that you have inspir'd me with, reply'd *Zabide* tenderly : Yes, beauteous Moon of the World, that Passion renders my Heart incapable of every thing ; the most beautiful of the *Houri's* would be now indifferent to me. Give me your charming Hands, permit me to ease the Flame that consumes me, by caressing them ; vouchsafe to have Pity on a Wretch, whom your Rigour will sink to the Grave. The more the Princess was embarrass'd, the more she affected to appear pleas'd ; the more Coquetry she endeavour'd to testify, the more *Zabide* redoubled her Heat of Expression, her tender Protestations and Assiduities. When Love is once Master of the Heart, is it possible to be a Coquet ? The Princess would have given her Hand to *Zabide*, spoke one tender Word, and look'd upon her with

Softness ; but her Heart immediately reproach'd her for it, even before she had done it. She endeavour'd to elude the Love of *Zabide*, and to amuse her from it, by making her remark the Slaves, either to applaud them, or to criticize on their Dances, their Figure, or their Qualifications. The next Moment she would extol some Pieces of the Musick, or some Verses of the Songs. Sometimes *Zabide*, out of Compassion, seem'd to listen to these Stratagems and Excuses inspir'd by Love. She was too much pleased with the Motive of them, not to have that Complaisance. Yet to convince herself of the Happiness of her Brother, sometimes she thank'd her for her Goodness, sometimes explain'd in her own Favour, the most indifferent Gesture or Discourse ; and this Behaviour drove the Princess to Despair the more, as *Zabide* had equally refus'd yielding to the Seducements of those exquisite Wines that were incessantly presented to her ; that was a Resource which the Princess had commanded her Slaves not to neglect. The Hour of withdrawing being come, the Princess

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propos'd, according to the usual Custom, a new Slave to the Stranger, but he refus'd it as an Insult. The Princess was alarm'd at this; she insisted upon the Law with much Sharpness, and *Zabide* said to her, Sultana of my Heart, since you force me again to chuse one of your Slaves, I will obey you, though she is of no Consequence to me; I shall take no other than the beautiful *Mouna*. The Princess then retir'd, but she call'd *Mouna*, and said to her without being heard, If thou lovest me, my dear *Mouna*, employ all thy Care to please this Stranger; we have never yet beheld one so unconquerable and so importunate: Thou alone canst save my miserable Life; 'tis in thy Hands. *Mouna* had no need of the Desire of obliging her Sovereign, to make her wish to please the young Stranger. She promised the Princess, with Sincerity, to neglect nothing in the Execution of her Commands.

When *Zabide* found herself alone with *Mouna*, Art thou better inform'd than thou wast Yesterday, said she? Alas! no, reply'd

replied the tender Slave, but I still love thee, and have forgot nothing in order to satisfy thee: In the Number of those who attended upon us, we have a Slave whose Age is so considerable, and her Fidelity so well known, that she is permitted to go out, and repair sometimes to the City; it was to her that I address'd myself for thy Satisfaction, and desir'd her to inform herself of what thou wishest to know: Perceiving she was but very imperfectly instructed in it, notwithstanding the Risque which we both run in making such Enquiries, the Love I have for thee render'd me so eloquent, and I engaged her also so thoroughly by trifling Presents, that she is to be this Afternoon with a Female Friend of her's, who liv'd in a kind of Confidence with the late Queen; she has promis'd me to engage her to tell her all that she could discover of what passes here: This, dear Stranger, is all that I could do to satisfy thee. *Zahide* testified her Gratitude to her, and forc'd her to accept a small Casket of Diamonds to recompence, she said, the old Slave, thy Friend. Keep thy

thy Diamonds, said the tender *Mouna* a thousand times ; if they could be of Use to me, are they worth one of thy Careffes ? one tender Word which thou may'st give me ? Why wouldest thou diminish the Obligations thou hast to me ? But thou art ungrateful. Speak, can I have it in my Power to prove a higher Love to thee ? Can I expose myself to greater Dangers, to soften the Coldness and Ingratitude of thy Heart ? Nothing can equal my Gratitude, replied *Zabide* ; but I cannot return thy Love without being let into the Mysteries of the Basket, the Princess and the Garden : It is a settled Resolution, believe me therefore, continu'd she, and let us pass this Night as we did the last. However afflicting this Propofal was to the fair Slave, the resolute Tone of *Zabide* convinc'd her that she must consent to it ; and this Time destin'd to Pleasure, and consecrated to the most entire Liberty, was again employ'd by her in Tears, Sighs and Sorrow. But when the Night ceased to cover the Universe, *Zabide*, to engage her not to neglect the Eclaircissement she had

had promis'd to procure, call'd her to her, and gave her a Kiss of Friendship, which she did not in the least expect, and which rais'd her to the Height of Joy.

Zakide pass'd the Day with more Inquietude than she had done the preceding one, and found that, notwithstanding all her Care, she could not avoid the Basket's carrying her the next Day back to *Medbouchan*, or her Disguise being discover'd. Both of these Events equally afflicted her, since they laid her under a Necessity of leaving the Place, without having discover'd any thing for the Consolation of her Brother. All that she could do was to abandon herself to a Hope of Success, and a Resolution to make Use (as Opportunity would give her Leave) of what she might be inform'd the following Night.

At length the Sun permitted the Stars to appear, and the Princess arriv'd more confus'd and uneasy in her Mind than she had ever yet been. *Zabide*, on her Side, having her Mind more taken up with

with Thoughts, their Supper was still more serious than before. The beautiful Virgins look'd upon each other continually with Astonishment; the Pauses of Silence which frequently happen'd were absolutely contrary to the usual Customs of the Garden. But as soon as the Princess perceived them, she broke the Silence by the first Discourse that presented itself, and which was not always worthy of the Justness of her Sense. *Zabide*, in the mean time, who was willing to support the Part she had begun, said to her, What! fair Queen of my Wishes, you seem to be more constrain'd with this Night than you were the two preceding ones. Why do you disturb, by these Inquietudes, the Happiness I enjoy in seeing the Sovereign of my Thoughts? What can I say, return'd the Princess, to a Man who calls himself my Lover and my Slave, and yet who strives to displease me? I strive to displease you! resum'd *Zabide* with Vivacity: I, who would sacrifice my Life to give you but one Moment's Pleasure! This Discourse is usual, interrupted the Princess; you must be sensible

sensible it can never repair the Injury that your Behaviour to my Slave has given in my Mind. In one Word, continu'd she, if my Lover is no more submissive to me, what can I expect from him if I should have the Misfortune to see him my Husband? Believe me, I will rather lose the Light of the Sun than submit to give myself to a Man over whom I have so little Power, and who disdains my Presents. How unjust this is, cried *Zabide!* — Believe me, your Complaints are in vain: They will not perswade me, pursued the Princess with Anger; chuse one of the Slaves, and let us part; it is the best thing we can do. *Zabide* once more desir'd she would leave her the faithful *Mouna*, and it was granted her, notwithstanding the Surprize that this Constancy gave to the whole Troop of shining Virgins, and the little Hopes the Princess conceiv'd from it.

When the Gates of the Garden were clos'd, an equal Eagerness engag'd one of them in asking Questions, and the other in answering them. Beautiful Stranger, said

said *Mouna*, with the Vivacity of a Passion which depends upon its Success, Love has enabled me to discover all. Ah! my dear *Mouna*, how much I am oblig'd to thee, interrupted *Zabide*. These tender Words repaid the Slave for all her Pains. This, said she, is what the old Slave related to me, and is, I believe, all that can be known of this Mystery.



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THE King of *Medbouchan*, Father to the Princess *Zoulouch*, and the Prince *Badanazer*, who now reigns, died about ten Years ago, and the beautiful *Gulsoum*, his Widow, govern'd his Dominions along with a Council of Viziers, whom the King had establish'd before his Decease, his Children being yet too young to conduct themselves without these wise Precautions.

Gulsoum was still beautiful and young.
The

The Report of her Beauty was soon augmented by the Prudence of her Government, and the Attention with which she applied herself entirely to the Education of the Princes her Children; for the Virtues of the Heart are always an Augmentation to the Charms of the Person. The King of the Genies was inform'd of the Perfections of this Queen, who doubted for some time that her Reputation was exaggerated. To judge of it by himself, he repair'd to her Court, and the Admiration of her Virtue soon rose into an unlimited Passion; but the more Strength that acquir'd, the more it made him unhappy. The Queen had consecrated an eternal Fidelity to the King her Husband; and the King of the Genies could never obtain any thing from her, but Testimonies of Gratitude for the Services he continually offer'd her, and the Respect which he every Moment paid her. Gratitude alone to a Lover is Contempt. Thus the Love of this formidable Monarch was soon converted into Fury. He long consider'd what he could do to revenge himself for the Indifference of
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the Queen, and resolv'd at last to punish her in a manner that should be sensible to her, without appearing personal. This prudent Queen, filled with every laudable Sentiment, had used her utmost Care to form the Princess *Zoulouch* to all the Virtues that she herself had practiced; and the Genie not being able to deprive her of these Principles, and these first Impressions of Education, resolved at least to deprive her of the Appearance of them, and by that Means to afflict a tender and a virtuous Mother.

To execute his Design, he perswaded those who compos'd the Counsel, that they ought never to consent to the Kingdom of *Medbouchan*'s being divided, which the Queen *Gulsoum* must necessarily do, by the Marriage of the Princess *Zoulouch*. But as it is not good Policy, added he, to alter on a sudden the Privileges and Customs of a Country, there must be so great a Difficulty attach'd to this, and so many Appearances opposite to the Idea of the Behaviour of a Princess, that *Zoulouch* may never find any Prince

Prince who will consent to marry her ; and if she should happen to make an unequal Match, then the Counsel will have a Right to oppose giving her the Half of the Kingdom. Yet reflecting that it would not be just that a young Princess, who was not guilty of any Crime, should live in Sorrow and Melancholly, he added, that he believ'd he had thought of a Method which would remedy all Inconveniencies. The Counsel return'd him Thanks for the good Intentions that he testified for the Grandeur and Service of the State, and desir'd him to make known his Project to them fully, resolv-ing to have it executed. Then he pro-posed to them to reassemble the Pleasures of Balls, Feasts, and the most beautiful Female Slaves in a Place of Delight, which he took upon himself to provide ; and for the Consolation of the Princess and her Court, he promis'd that as long as they inhabited the Garden, they should never feel the Impression of Years, and that they should preserve the Bloom, the Youth, and the Beauty which they pos-sess'd when the Garden was first made.

This

This is not all, continu'd he, no Strangers shall be transported thither but by a Basket, which shall be their Carriage both thither and back again: It shall never take any but those who are determin'd to go by their own Inclinations, and never but one at a time, and when the preceding one is return'd; any other way but the Basket shall be severely prohibited to the Curious, added he; yet to reassure still farther the Virtue of those who compos'd this Counsel, he promis'd to all those who yielded to the Charms of the Slaves, or gave themselves up too far to the Pleasures of those Wines which were to be served up, should be immediately brought back in the Basket; but that they should not be treated with the same Severity as those who fail'd in their Respect towards the Princess. (*Mouna*, for her private Interest, took care not to inform *Zabide*, that he who was reserved enough to resist during three Days the Trials of the Garden, would have a Right to espouse the Princess *Zoulouch*.) These Conditions, pursued she, were accepted; the King of the Genies had soon

soon put all Things into the Condition they now appear to thee ; and to draw the Strangers here, he caus'd it to be reported in the City of *Medbouchan*, that any Person might present himself to the Basket to see most uncommon Things, and taste most singular Pleasures. Such a Hope soon reassembled all who had Curiosity, and their Numbers would be difficult to be told. The Genie, supported by the Counsel, then put his Project in Execution ; *Zoulouch* was torn from the Arms of her tender Mother, to be conducted to the Pleasures of this Garden ; and *Gulsoum* was penetrated with Sorrow, when she learnt the Detail of what the Princess was to suffer. The King of the Genies absented himself to avoid the Reproaches with which she would have loaded him ; she testified her Resentment to those who compos'd the Counsel, but they acquitted themselves by alledging the Interest of the State : And this virtuous Queen perceiving that her Misfortune was without a Remedy, could not survive it, and died, after having languish'd for some time. King *Badanazer*, when

he ascended the Throne, approv'd, and exactly follows a Law so conformable to his Interests: This is what obliges the Slaves to go every Morning and give him an Account of the Behaviour of the Stranger who has chose them. This, my Lord, added the tender *Mouna*, is all that I could discover. How easily may'st thou make me forget the Dangers to which my Indiscretion has expos'd me; keep the Promise thou hast given me, and render me happy. I wish it was in my Power, return'd *Zabide* with Softness. Who can hinder thee, Cruel, pursued the Slave? Speak no more of the Passion thou feelest for the Princess; consider that thou can'st never see her more. The Chagrin that thou wilt feel at her Absence promises me a Vengeance, which alas! will not satisfy me: I see thou runnest to thy undoing; I am penetrated with it, and would give my Life to make thee happy. But, replied *Zabide* to her, what Certainty can'st thou give me of the Truth of thy History? Thou hast Wit, who will answer to me that thou hast not invented it to engage me to a

Return

Return of Gratitude? Finish, cruel Man, finish my Ruin, interrupted the tender Slave, shedding a Torrent of Tears; suppose me to have Talents, that thou may'st blacken me with Vices. Real Love is incapable of Deceit; thou dost not know it; thou lovest to see me in Pain, but I have it in my Power to revenge myself. How unhappy am I, cried she; it is in vain then, Perfidious, that to satisfy thee I have discover'd a Secret, which I ought not to have endeavour'd to penetrate into; it is in vain that I have betray'd it to instruct thee: I see thou wilt carry thy Treason so far, as to discover to the Princess what I have inform'd thee of, and thou wilt behold a Woman, who adores thee, perish without Regret; but I shall prevent thee from ever seeing her again. I hop'd that thou would'st at least give me the last Moments of thy Residence in this Garden, which will be to me now only a Place of Horror; in a Word, if thou lovest the Princess, prepare to be as miserable as I am; Love had engag'd me to make a Mystery of it to thee: Know then that

the Princess is thine To-morrow if thou wishest to marry her, and if I will do thee Justice. But rather than consent to the Happiness of my Rival, I am resolv'd to perjure myself. (What will not an Excess of Love make us capable of!) I will declare before the whole Court, that thou hast fallen this Night ; thou shalt lose the Fortune to which thou sacrificest me, and I shall serve the Princess, who dreads marrying thee more than Death. In fine, whatever it may cost me, thou shalt not triumph over my Misfortunes ; in spite of thy Coldness, I will assert with Joy, that thou hast done Justice to my Charms, and thou shalt return in the Basket, to give thyself up for ever to Sorrow and Regret. *Zabide* was much embarrass'd at these Menaces ; the Resolution she must take was not easy to fix upon. What would become of her if she should be oblig'd to espouse the Princess ? Therefore the little Hope she saw of being useful to her Brother, and the Fear of perishing without having done him any Service, made her look upon the Revenge that *Mouna* had meditated,

as

the only Means that could relieve her from this Embarrass, by sending her back into the Basket. Are thy Reflections favourable to me, resumed *Mouna*, who had perceiv'd the Agitations of her Mind? No, replied *Zabide*, none of thy Menaces have alarm'd me; let us take our Repose: Do whatever thou thinkest proper, said she haughtily, I fear thee not. *Mouna* penetrated with so great an Obstinacy of Contempt, and still more afflicted at this last Discourse, which irritated her Pride and Self-love, resolv'd to obey, notwithstanding the Rage she had in her Heart, and retir'd to the Extremity of the Sopha, agitated with a thousand different Imaginations. *Zabide* did not less feel a Torrent of various Thoughts. Yet Fatigue and Want of Repose, which easily extend their Power over a Heart exempt from Passion, soon gave her up to the Pleasures of Sleep. *Mouna*, who could not rest, and who examin'd her continually, look'd upon this profound Sleep as the last of Insults, and was very near sacrificing this unhappy Princess to her Revenge, with a Design of not sur-

viving her ; twenty times she form'd the Project, and as many times look'd upon her Poniard ; at length perceiving the Day appear, she resolv'd once more to feast her Eyes with the Object from which they were now for ever to be parted. She rose up to approach her, examin'd her Beauty with Transport, and would at least embrace her once again ; she look'd carefully if she could find some Trifle that had belong'd to her, to make it her greatest Treasure, and Consolation in her Absence. At length, in the Disorder that Sleep had occasion'd, her Eyes were open'd ; *Zabide* appear'd to be a Woman ; the more she examin'd her, the more she was convinc'd of it ; she would not believe her Eyes till she could no longer doubt of it : The Veil of her Passion fell off in a Moment ; her Desires were extinguish'd, and she recover'd her former Innocence : In a word, she was transform'd into another *Mouna*. Her Self-love, which was no longer offended by the Refusals she had borne, now brought back Justice into her Heart, and represented her Duty in its full Extent.

She

She went out, and had the Princess awak'd to inform her of what she had discover'd.

Zoulouch, always occupied by the Passion she had for the Stranger, fatigued with the Trials to which her unfortunate Situation reduc'd her, and which her Love to King *Kemserai* render'd still more insupportable, and dreading to find herself, at length perhaps, oblig'd to give her Hand to some of the Strangers which the Basket continually brought, was charm'd with the Discovery of *Mouna*, and determin'd that Moment to espouse this Female Stranger, who, according to all Appearances, would never dare to discover a Sex which she had an equal Interest to conceal. This Project satisfied entirely the Sentiments of her Heart, and gave her a reasonable Pretext to abandon a manner of Life which she could no longer support. She promis'd *Mouna* then to give her her Liberty, and make her Fortune, if she conceal'd what she had discover'd of the Stranger, and only declare that he had not yielded the third

200 ORIENTAL TALES.

Night. *Mouna* obey'd; and when she had made a Declaration to King *Badanazér* and his Counsel, conformable to the Commands of the Princess,---Let us see then, said he, this Husband whom we have so long expected, let us see the most moderate of Men. Immediately he gave Orders to two of his Viziers to go, attended by all the Officers of the Crown and of the Household, to the Garden of the Genie to fetch the Stranger, who was to espouse the Princess his Sister. His Commands were executed, and the Viziers found the Princess still asleep. They rang'd themselves in deep Silence around her, with all the Marks of Dignity, and remained with their Eyes cast down upon the Ground, not daring to look upon him who was to be the Brother-in-Law of their King.

In the mean time *Zabide* awak'd: And her Surprize was excessive to perceive herself in the midst of so shining, so submissive, and so silent a Court, when she expected to have found herself in the fatal Basket. Where am I, said she several

ral times! The Grand Vizier, prostrate before her, made no other Reply to her Questions but by his Respect, and the Prayer he made her to consent to follow him. *Zabide* yielded to his Intreaties; all that she beheld gave her no Reason to be alarm'd; she follow'd then this magnificent Train, and soon arriv'd at the Palace of the King, who receiv'd her upon his Throne, the Princess *Zoulouch* being seated by him. Approach, said he, Stranger! whose Fidelity and Moderation deserve to be recompenc'd; instruct us at least of thy Name, thy Country and thy Rank; thy Brother-in-Law ought not to be ignorant of thy History; above all, give us a Detail of thy Kingdoms and of thy vast Dominions. *Zabide*, who was not accustom'd to the ironical Tone in which he spoke, threw herself at the Monarch's Feet, and said to him, May your Majesty pardon the Motives which have conducted me hither! I am too sincere to impose longer upon you. *Zoulouch*, who dreaded lest she should discover a Secret upon which she had establish'd all her Hopes of Re-

pose, would have interrupted her ; but *Zabide*, that she might however inform the Princess of the cruel Situation to which Love had reduc'd the King her Brother, continu'd to speak in these Terms : My Lord, *Kemserai*,—
(at this Name the Princess *Zoulouch* blush'd, and *Zabide* went on without seeming to perceive it) my Brother, said she, is a young and an unhappy Monarch, who dies for Love of the Princess *Zoulouch* ; he could not resist the Snares which are laid for all Strangers in your Dominions ; and the Basket, by bringing him hither, has render'd him the most miserable of Mankind. I am attach'd to him by so tender a Friendship, that I could not see him die, without endeavouring to procure him some Consolation : I exposed myself therefore in the Disguise that you now see me in, to all the Hazards and Fatigues of a dangerous Voyage, and attempted the Adventure of the Basket. What ! are you not a Man, return'd the King ? No, Sire ; I am nam'd *Zabide*, replied she, rubbing her Face with a Liquor which she had brought for
that

that Purpose ; and taking off her Turban, which discover'd the finest flowing Hair upon Earth, she appear'd so beautiful, that *Badanazer* was struck with it, and for the first time in his Life felt the Power of Love :---He was very near throwing himself at her Feet ; but he would not suffer himself to appear so different from what he had always been : And still blushing at a Sentiment which till then had been so unknown to him, he said to her with a dissembled Haughtiness, The Deceit that you have put upon us, *Zahide*, would deserve Death ; who knows likewise that you have told us the Truth as to your illustrious Birth ; however, I pardon you, in favour of your Charms. Live with the Princess *Zoulouch*, but without the Hope of ever seeing your Brother again, or ever returning into his Dominions ; as to you, my Sister, continue to expect a Husband, *Zahide* is not conformable to the Law.

The two Princesses retir'd ; and *Zoulouch* who, notwithstanding the Similitude of the Names, durst not flatter her-

self that he whom she lov'd was the same whom *Zabide* had spoke of, ask'd her so many Questions, and *Zabide* recall'd to her Memory so many Circumstances, that *Zoulouch*, transported at being belov'd by him whom she ador'd, resolv'd to expose herself to every thing rather than return again to the Garden of the Genie.

Badanazer was not long without coming into the Presence of her who caus'd his Sighs. He would have spoke of his Passion ; but tho' she thought him extremely amiable, she treated him with the greatest Severity. The Prince complain'd of it ; and *Zabide* told him, That if he wish'd to please her, he must allow her the same Power over the Princess *Zoulouch*, as the Laws impos'd by the Genie, and approv'd by his Counsel, gave to himself. *Badanazer* made some Difficulties, but concluded by saying to her, I consent to every thing you desire, as much as it depends upon me, for I can no longer have any other Will but your's. From this Moment then, said she, I forbidd

bid the Supper in the Garden, and will no longer have the Basket depart in Search of Strangers. I am oblig'd to inform you, return'd the King, that all that you have forbid regards the King of the Genies; you shall speak to him yourself, added he, I can easily bring him hither; but all that I can do upon that Occasion is to add my Prayers to your's. But then my Sister, continu'd he, must never marry. Why so, reply'd *Zabide*? The Law commands me, interrupted the King, to make a Trial in the Garden erected by the King of the Genies, of the Husband whom Fate shall destine for her. All Oaths which have for their Object a thing impossible, are of themselves void and of no Force, reply'd *Zabide* with an Air of Authority, which threw the King into a Surprize. I will make a much slighter, but which I will observe religiously, continued she: You love me, my Lord, said she modestly casting down her Eyes, I give you my Promise that I will marry you, if for my sake you can deprive yourself of a Thing, which, Necessity and Pleasure reunited, shall press you

you to enjoy ; and I allow you three Days to resist it in. I consent to it, return'd *Badanazer*, what would you have me deprive myself of ? There is nothing I am not capable of doing to prove the Excess of my Love to you. I do not yet know you enough to exact any Sacrifice from you, reply'd she ; but if you love me, you will doubtless deprive yourself of the Thing when it is placed in your Sight, as I have already forewarn'd you ; however, I desire no other Judge than yourself, and shall depend wholly upon your Sincerity. *Badanazer* quitted her to go and consider with his Minister what he should deprive himself of. He had taken Leave of the Princesses till the next Day in the Evening, because he was to hunt. After having reflected some time, he perswaded himself that he had found out what he sought for : I love only to hunt the Tiger, you know it, Vifier, said he to him : The Hunting To-morrow shall be in Pursuit of the Antelope, which is a Chace I hate ; it is a Sacrifice I make to the fair *Zabide* ; it is a Privation that I impose upon myself ;

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we shall see what she will say upon that Head. No, if there should pass a thousand Tigers before me To-morrow, added he, I will not take Aim at one of them, I swear it: This is a Resolution which must convince her both of my Love, and that there is a Possibility of Resistance.

Whilst the King form'd these Schemes, the Princesses found Means to direct a Man, who was to follow this Prince in his Chace, and do what they commanded; their Interests were too strictly united not to act in Concert. *Zabide* was occupy'd a Part of the Night in preparing what this Officer, who knew the Country perfectly well, had promis'd her should be placed where the King should find it. The Princesses afterwards went to their Repose, and then waited for the Return of *Badanazer*, who came back to them in triumph; and addressing himself to the Sister of *Kemserai*: You affer tthen, beautiul *Zabide*, said he, that no Man can constrain himself? Certainly I have succeeded in it To-day; in regard to you I have

have had the most insipid Chace : I shall scarce make such another for some time. You seem extremely satisfy'd with yourself, return'd *Zabide* ; let us hear what you have done ? I have hunted the Antelope, said he with Confidence. Which Way did your Chace lead you ? Towards the Wood of Palm-Trees, reply'd he ; but *apropos*, pursued he, you don't know that I found there admirable Sherbet, heaped round with Ice in *Porcelain Vases*, that form'd a most agreeable Decoration ; you shall judge of the Delicacy of this Liquor, added he ; I have given Orders that it should be brought here. You tasted of it then ? interrupted the Princess. Yes certainly, return'd the King : My Officers in vain represented to me, that I ought not to expose myself to drink a Liquor which they had not been Witnesses of the making of ; but it was hot ; the Sherbet appear'd so cooling ; it was presented to me in so agreeable a manner, that I made a Jest of all their Representations, and I did well ; never any thing so perfect was serv'd up to me, nor which ever gave me so much

Plea-

Pleasure. This Confession, Prince, is sufficient, said *Zabide*, and you have freed me from the Promise I have given you. What can you mean? return'd the King briskly, tho' somewhat confus'd; the Weather was hot, and I drank; is it any Harm to drink when one is dry? See, you have condemn'd your own Law, resum'd *Zabide* blushing; be you the Judge yourself. You cannot say that you were not sufficiently advertis'd of the innocent Snare that I had laid for you, and in which you fell, notwithstanding all the Reasons you had to resist it. As to the rest, it was I who made the Sherbet you found, and I am charm'd that it pleas'd you. When the Confusion of the Monarch was a little over, he felt no Ideas but those of the Charms of *Zabide's* Wit, and the Graces of her Figure, and said to her falling at her Knees, I yield, I own myself in the Wrong; but whatever Desire I have to satisfy you, I cannot command what you require without the King of the Genies; we must absolutely have his Permission: You are sensible, continu'd he, that the Counsel will not dare

dare to annul, without him, what was agreed upon by his Direction: Yet I will not reproach myself with leaving any thing undone that the fair *Zabide* desires. It is in my Power to engage the King of the Genies to repair hither; and in a few Moments you may both of you speak to him, addded he. The Princesses consented to it with Joy; and immediately *Badanazer* writ the Name of the King of the Genies, accompany'd by his own, upon a Sheet of the finest painted and gilded Paper he had in his Palace, which he burnt upon a Fire of Wood of Sandal and Aloes, and the Genie appear'd.

The Princesses represented to him the Situation of their Hearts, and the Embarras to which the Severity of his Orders had reduc'd them. *Zabide* even made him sensible artfully, of the Injustice he had us'd in this Affair. He confess'd that he had more than once reproach'd himself with the Rashness of this Action; but, added he, beautiful *Zoulouch*, if I destroy the Enchantment of the Basket, do you reflect that Time and

and Years will again resume their Empire over your Youth, and your Agreeableness? Yes, my Lord, said she, I have consider'd it, and I submit to it. As long as I can please the Man I love, I shall not be under any Concern at it; and if I should cease to please him, will it not be indifferent to me? The Genie, touch'd himself with this Proof of Love, took upon him to repair the Evil that he had done, to take away the very Remembrance of this Adventure, from all who could boast of having receiv'd the slightest Favours from the Princess, to make them throw off their Mourning, and to leave no other Idea of this Event, but a general one of Joy and Pleasure. That is not all, added he, the Basket shall be of Use but once more. But perceiving the Dread that this fatal Basket gave the Princesses, he hasten'd to say to them, I shall give it Orders to fetch the King *Kemferai*. Won't you consent to that? beautiful *Zabide*; and you, fair *Zoulouch*, will you forbid me? said he smiling. The Joy of the one, and the modest Silence of the other, convinc'd him how

how agreeable this Proposition was to them both.

Whilst Hope reign'd thus equally in the Hearts of the Princesses and of the King *Badanazar*, the Genie enjoy'd the Pleasure of seeing them in the pleasing Satisfaction of a Love that expects in a few Moments to be made happy; and the Basket departing, soon plac'd itself in the Chamber of the King *Kemserai*. This Prince's Life was just at a Period, but the Sight of the Basket reanimated all his Hopes, and gave him Spirits to place himself in it without any Assistance. Immediately it took its Flight with the usual Rapidity, and carry'd him into the great Hall of the Palace where King *Badanazar*, the Princesses, and the Genie expected him. At the Sight of *Zoulouch Kemserai* fainted away. The Genie immediately forc'd him to swallow a Liquor, without which he had been absolutely lost: In a Moment it restor'd him to his former Health. Love and the Princess *Zoulouch* would, doubtless, have work'd the same Miracle; but they

they would have been longer in performing it.

The King of the Genies himself perform'd the Ceremony of the Marriage of these four Lovers ; and being no longer necessary to them in the Situation they were then in, he disappear'd, and abandon'd them to the Direction of Love, whose Sway they submitted to, without the least Hesitation.

When *Moradbak* had finish'd this History, the Sultan (who had appear'd very much awake all the Time, though he might with Reason have dropt asleep at some Parts of it,) said to her,---I am well enough pleas'd with thy Relation : It did not lull me to sleep, but it amus'd me ; and I remark, that Pleasure is a still better Remedy for my Disorder than Sleep. I must tell thee, however, that it was very fortunate that *Kemserai* had a Sister, and that the Princess run the Risque of remaining a Virgin, if she was never to marry till she met with a Man insensible to Temptation. Nay, I doubt, whether

a Lover, so very much the Master of himself, would have ever made her a good Husband.

Hudjadge having made a Sign to *Moradbak* to withdraw, and given her his Orders to return the next Day, she obey'd him, and related to him the following History.



THE



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
PORTER of *BAGDAD.*

There liv'd formerly at *Bagdad* a Lapidary, named *Abdullah Dger-beri*, who had an only Son, to whom he gave the best Education that was in his Power. When he found the Angel of Death approaching, he sent for his dear Son, that Son the only Object of all his Thoughts, to have the Consolation of embracing him : He had Time to give him those Counsels which he thought his early Youth stood in need of. After having recommended to him never to swerve from the Divine Precepts, he conjur'd him, above all things, not to reflect

lect one Day upon what he should do the next. He expir'd in the Embraces of his Son, who was not yet quite twenty Years old. The young *Dgerberi* did not long preserve the Thorn of Sorrow which ought to have continu'd in his Heart, for the Loss of so good a Father. Exclusive of the Moveables and Houses which he inherited, he found in a Vault within his House five hundred Thousand Sequins, contain'd in fifty Vases, of ten Thousand Sequins each. This Sum appear'd the Treasures of the *Indies* to a young Man who had not the least Idea of Riches : He gave himself up, therefore, to every Expence he could imagine ; he bought Women Slaves for his Pleasures, and would have them adorn'd with Magnificence ; he kept an open Table for all the young People of his own Age, who assiduously paid their Court to him, and incessantly fed his Vanity, by the Applauses they bestow'd upon his Generosity, his Musick, the Goodness of his Wines, and the Elegance of his Table.

Such

Such a Conduct had soon squander'd his Inheritance. When he had exhausted all the Vases, he sold his Houses in the City and those in the Country, and preserv'd the Women Slaves as long as he could possibly. But at length he was oblig'd to dispose of them to finish the Payment of his Debts; for his Heart was still fix'd upon the Pillars of Honour and Virtue.

He found himself then, in a little time, without any Fortune, and consequently without any Friends. Happily for *Dgerberi*, Nature had endow'd him with a Strength and Constitution that was not in the least impair'd by his Pleasures. Therefore, at length, having no Manner of Support, he was oblig'd to turn Porter, and he was not long so before he was preferr'd above all those who exercis'd that Profession in *Bagdad*, not only for the prodigious Weight that he could carry, but also for his Intelligence, and the Gaiety with which he perform'd his Labour. For to the Counsel of his Father, who had recommended to him not

to think one Day of what he should do the next, he added, the Custom of forgetting the next Day what had passed the Day before. It was not long, therefore, before he became the most happy Man in the whole City. His Labour and Industry gave him no Pain ; he depended no longer upon those Pleasures to which he had so lately been a Slave. He knew the Falshood of his Friends : He was respected in his low Condition, and used no more Labour than was necessary for his Subsistence ; no Wives, no Children, nor any Necessities. He was the happiest of the Mussulmen.

As he was returning in the middle of the Night from a Country Seat, to which he had carry'd a Burthen, he heard, as he came along the Banks of the *Tigris*, the Voice of a Woman, that seem'd to be in the midst of the River : She said, In the Name of God, assist me. The Sound of this Voice was so moving, that *Dgerberi* made no Hesitation to throw off his Cloaths immediately. He leap'd into the River, swam towards her, and was happy

py enough to succour this unfortunate Creature, at the very Moment when she was struggling with the Waves, and her Strength was entirely exhausted. He brought her to the Shore, notwithstanding the Rapidity of the River. And when she was a little recover'd from her Fright, she desir'd him to accompany her to her House, and inform'd him where it was. *Dgerberi* consented to it, and as he arriv'd at the Door, he heard the Voices of Children, crying, and calling for their Mother. They enter'd into the House ; the Woman he had sav'd, appear'd to *Dgerberi* of most astonishing Beauty : She made him be seated, caused a Fire to be lighted to warm him, and then told him her History, which she interrupted a thousand times, to express the Excess of her Gratitude.



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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
WOMAN *of BAGDAD.*

IT is about six Months since, that a very old Woman enter'd into my House, and said to me,---I have never yet fail'd of attending the Exhortation that is made in the great Mosque; but to Day some Affairs have happen'd to me, which have prevented my Purification: You know, that I may not enter into the Mosque, without having fulfill'd that Duty: I conjure you, continu'd she, to lend me a Pitcher of Water. I granted her what she desir'd, and she purify'd herself, repair'd to the Mosque, and

ORIENTAL TALES. 221

and came afterwards to return me Thanks. I would have detain'd her to Dinner, imagining I could not do a better Action, than to invite into my House a Woman who appear'd to me to be so devout, and hoping I might engage her to offer up her Prayers to God for my Husband who was absent. But she refus'd me, saying, My Daughter, I will beg of God to give you a Recompence for the Pleasure you have done me; but it is not proper for a Woman of my Age to eat out of her own Family. After having given me a thousand Benedictions, she quitted me.

Since that Time she has visited me regularly every *Friday*, as she came from the Mosque: She came the Day before yesterday as usual, and said to me, You have often propos'd to me to pass some Time with you; if you please I will satisfy your Intreaties this Evening: I will sup with you, and we will pass the Night in Prayer to God for the Return of your Husband; but, however, it is upon one Condition, which is, that I may depart To-morrow early in the Morning, and that

that yon will accompany me to a Country House, where the Marriage of a Relation of mine is to be celebrated. I take upon myself the Care also of bringing you home again. I accepted her Proposal, and we departed yesterday at break of Day: We found a Boat which waited for us to cross the *Tigris*, and we arrived in an unfrequented Place; a decrepid old Man very poorly cloath'd waited for us where we left the Boat, and conducted us to a Shepherd's Hut, where we found about fifteen or sixteen Women gather'd together. Notwithstanding the kind Reception they gave me at my Entrance, all that I perceiv'd gave me Suspicion, and perswaded me that the old Woman had deceiv'd me. I ask'd her, with great Uneasiness, where the Marriage was to be, that she had told me of? She assur'd me it was to be at Night, when the Lovers of all these young Women that I saw would arrive. Then, added she, we shall sup together, we shall drink excellent Wine, and you shall consummate the Marriage with him who pleases you best. There needed no more to make me apprehend

prehend into what an Abyss of Misery this wretched old Woman had precipitated me. However, I constrain'd my Sorrow, and conceal'd my Inquietude ; but I address'd myself to God, and said to him in the Secret of my Heart, Thou who protestest the Innocent and the Afflicted, deliver me from the cruel Extremity to which I am reduc'd. This Prayer dissipated my Trouble, and I said to the old Woman with greater Liberty of Mind, I am oblig'd to you for having brought me to a Place where I may enjoy those Pleasures which I could not expect in my Solitude. This Discourse deceiv'd the old Woman ; and the rest of the Day we talk'd only of the Pleasures which the Night was to bring. When the Sun was set, I saw near twenty Thieves arrive from different Quarters, most of whom were maim'd. They saluted the old Woman, and ask'd her why she had been so long without coming to see them : She excus'd herself upon the Pains she had taken to procure me for them ; then she presented me to them, who agreed that she had never brought them a Woman who

pleas'd them more. The Supper was serv'd up, and I had no other Place allotted me but the Knees of their Chief, upon which I was oblig'd to sit. I made no Difficulty, and even affected to be in the gayest Humour. But I was totally occupy'd with thinking by what Means I might escape from the Misfortune with which I was threatened. When I saw that he, to whose Share I had fallen, believ'd me as much in Love with him as he was with me, I feign'd a Necessity of going out of the Hut. The old Woman took a Light to conduct me. I knew very well, said she to me, that you would not always be angry with me for this ; we must begin by being out of Humour, it is the Custom ; but To-morrow you will thank me still more sincerely. I did not condescend to answer the Wretch ; but seeing that I was far enough from the House to execute the Design I had meditated, I found Means to extinguish the Light as by Accident, and desir'd her to go and light it again, which she consented to. Then I run towards the Bank where we landed, and was not yet arriv'd there, when I heard

heard the Voices of several of those Wretches who run after me, call'd to me, and told me that I should not escape them so easily as I flatter'd myself. These Discourses redoubled my Fear; I had again Recourse to God, and I said to him, My God, thou knowest the Purity of my Heart; I prefer a violent, but a virtuous Death, to the Safety of a criminal Life. As I finish'd these Words I clos'd my Eyes; and finding myself upon a rising Ground, I threw myself into the River. You heard my Cries, and God made Use of you for my Deliverance. I shall never forget the Service you have done me, and shall have always the same Reverence for you as if you were my Father. After this she gave him a * Boetchalik, and presented a hundred Sequins to him, saying she was highly concern'd that it was not in her Power to offer him more. *Dgerberi* would not accept them: But not to disoblige her, he receiv'd the Boetchalik, saying, that he thought himself too happy in being chose

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by

* Boetchalik, a kind of Carpet.

by God for so pious a Work, and then withdrew.

This Behaviour is too noble indeed, interrupted *Hudjadge*, for a Porter; thou tellest me most incredible Stories.

Sovereign Lord, return'd *Moradbak*, I am incapable of imposing upon your Highness; but do you believe that Nature regards the Conditions of Men when she distributes her Sentiments? What would your Majesty say then, if you knew the Delicacy of one who was by Profession a Robber! Let us hear it, said *Hudjadge*, turning on his Bed.

What I am going to relate to you, pursued *Moradbak*, is reported in the most authentic Histories, and will admit of no Doubt. Tell it only, interrupted *Hudjadge*; what signifies where thou hast found it? *Moradbak* begun thus:



THE
H I S T O R Y
O F T H E
ROBBER of *SEISTAN*.

Leich was a common Labourer of the Province of *Seistan*; and perceiving he could not gain enough to maintain himself in the manner he desir'd, he join'd himself to a Band of Robbers, whose Confidence he soon acquir'd by his Courage and Address. This Band became redoubtable; and the Robbers embolden'd by Success, form'd the Design of robbing the Treasury of the King of *Seistan*, named *Dirbem*, the Son of *Nazir*. They broke open the Gates of it, and made up in Packets all that they could carry off in Gold, Silver and Jewels. They were upon the Moment of retiring with all their Booty without any Obstacle,

cle, when *Leich* perceiv'd something shining that hung up against the Cieling, and doubting not but it was a Precious Stone of infinite Value, he took a great deal of Pains to get it down; when touching it with his Tongue he perceiv'd that it was a Loaf of Salt, he call'd to his Companions and reproach'd them with the Crime they had committed. They were astonish'd at his Remorse; but he said to them, I have eat of the King's Salt; and you are not ignorant that Bread and Salt are the two greatest Blessings that God has given us, and engage a Man to be faithful to those from whom he has receiv'd them: Therefore I conjure you, if you have any Friendship for me, to abandon what you have stole, as I abandon it myself. His Companions suffer'd themselves to be perswaded, and closed the Gates of the Treasury without taking any thing away. The next Day the Treafurer coming to inspect into it, and judging by the Disorder that he remark'd, that it had been enter'd, made Use of the Opportunity, and had all the Packets thus prepar'd immediately carried

ried Home to his Palace. Then he flew to the Feet of the King, and tearing off his Beard, said to him, My Sovereign Lord, your Treasury has been robb'd ; the Robbers have made Use of the Darkness of the Night ; all possible Enquiries were made, and great Rewards promis'd to those who could discover the Thieves.

Leich, inform'd of what had pass'd, guess'd at the Occasion of it ; but seeing that not only they suspected those who were innocent, but that they were every Day arrested, he was touch'd with Compassion ; and his natural Equity overcoming the Idea of the Danger there was in discovering the Truth, he resolv'd to present himself to the Visier, and said to him, My Lord, I know the Persons who have robb'd the Treasury ; conduct me before the King, I will inform him of it. The Visier introduc'd him directly ; and *Leich* making a sincere Confession of all that had pass'd, finish'd by saying, that the Treasurer had doubtless made Use of an Opportunity which might conceal his villainous.

villainous Theft, protesting that if the King commanded his Palace to be searched, he would engage his Head that what was wanting in the Treasury would be found there.

The King, struck with the Discourse of *Leich*, follow'd his Advice, and found that he had judg'd rightly. The Treasurer was conducted to the Royal Palace ; *Dirhem* reproach'd him with his Infidelity, and said to him, I have brought thee up from thy Infancy, have loaded thee with Benefits, and yet thou repayest me with Ingratitude ; thou robbeſt me, and exposest me to condemn the Innocent, whilst a Robber, whom I never did the least Favour to, and who eat of my Salt only by Accident, left all that he had taken, and, which was more, by his Example and his Discourse, engag'd his Companions to quit their Booty. The Treasurer, unable to make any Answer for his Justification, was condemned to Death by the King, who gave his Post to *Leich*. He return'd the Confidence and

and Trust of that Prince, and behav'd himself in it with all possible Fidelity.

After having exercis'd that Charge for several Years, the King made him the General of his Army ; he acquir'd a great Reputation in this new Employment, and the three Sons whom he left distinguish'd themselves by their Courage, and rose to the Throne, which their Descendants possess'd for a considerable Time.

I believe, continu'd *Moradbak*, that your Majesty is now convinced, by the Sentiments of *Leich*, that *Dgerberi* might refuse the hundred Piasters ; and if your Highness has any Desire to know the Continuation of his History, I shall relate it To-morrow. *Hudjadge* consented to it ; and the next Day *Moradbak* pursued it in these Terms :

THE



THE
CONTINUATION
OF THE
HISTORY
OF THE
PORTER of *BAGDAD.*

DGerberi had such excessive Strength, and his continual Labour had so prodigiously augmented it, that all the Porters of the City provok'd to see that he alone did all their Work, and that the Inhabitants chose rather always to wait for him than to employ another, resolv'd to go to him in a Body ; they said to him, *Dgerberi*, art thou willing to leave off working, and live quietly without doing any thing, and we will engage ourselves to give thee ten Aspres every Day. *Dgerberi* consented to it, and the Porters were exact

ORIENTAL TALES. 233

exact in paying him that Sum: He liv'd quietly upon it, and on his Side kept his Promise with them ; but Idleness enervated that Strength which Industry had augmented, his Constitution decay'd, and he fell ill. As he had never thought of the Morrow, he was soon reduc'd to Poverty ; and the Porters seeing him so weak, refus'd any longer to give him the Sum they had agreed upon. He had Recourse to God in his Misfortunes ; and whilst he slept, the holy Prophet appear'd to him shining with Glory, and said to him, *Dgerberi*, this Illness has been sent to thee only for not having continu'd to employ thy Strength, and not having acknowledg'd it as a Gift of God : Humble thyself therefore before him, return to thy usual Industry, and thou shall recover thy Strength. From that Moment his Heart was touch'd, and his Health was re-establish'd ; but he was still too weak to execute his Profession again with his usual Success, and to revenge himself upon the Porters. He was one Day seated before the Gate of the Grand Vicer, when a Woman all in Tears came and

and sat down by him, to wait for the Audience of that Minister. *Dgerberi* ask'd her the Occasion of her Tears. Alas! said she, my Son was assassin'd Yesterday; he came and fell down at my Door pierc'd with a thousand Wounds, without having time to name his Assassin: I am murder'd, said he, and expir'd: He was my only Consolation. I come to conjure the Visier to have his Murderer discover'd, that at least his Death may not remain unreveng'd. Have you any Circumstances to inform him of, that may conduce to the Discovery? return'd *Dgerberi*. Alas! No, reply'd she, and that is what redoubles my Sorrow: I am the Widow of a Tradesman; my Son was young, and I hop'd that he would have prov'd my Support. The Visier doubtless will answer me, that in so great a City as *Bagdad*, it is impossible to discover the Murderer of a private Man. Hearken to him with the Respect that is due to his Condition, return'd he; but if he finds no Expedient to do you Justice, say to him that *Dgerberi*, the Porter, has told you that if he was Visier he

he could discover the Murderer of your Son. The disconsolate Mother built not much Hopes upon so slender an Assistance; however, she return'd him Thanks. All that he had foreseen happen'd: And the Vifiers fatigued with the Tears and Lamentations of the Woman, had even commanded her to be put out; when falling at his Feet, she said to him, My Lord, condescend to advise with *Dger-beri* the Porter, and I shall find out the Person who murder'd my Son. This is some Intimation that thou givest me however, return'd the Vifier, thou accusest him then of the Loss of thy Son? No, my Lord, reply'd the Woman; but he has said to me, that if he was Vifier he should know a Method of discovering the Assassin. The Vifier immediately turning to his Officers, said to them, Go and search for this Man of Sagacity, conduct him before me; and if he does not find him who has done the Murder, he shall be punish'd in such a manner, that he shall not again perswade himself that he has more Knowledge than the King's Vifier. The Officers of the Vifier

sier were not long before they brought *Dgerberi* before him. Knowest thou this Woman? said the Visier, when he saw him appear. No, my Lord, reply'd *Dgerberi*. Thou knewest her Son then? Still less, return'd he. Hast thou any Knowledge of his Murder? I am as ignorant of it as you are, pursu'd the Porter. How can't thou then discover it? said the Visier with Impatience. If I had your Authority, added *Dgerberi* with a resolute Tone, I would know Tomorrow Morning who it was that murder'd the Son of this poor Woman. I give thee till then, resum'd the Visier, and to inform thyself thou mayest command whatever thou desirest; but if thou dost not succeed, I promise thee a Baston-nade of five hundred Strokes. I consent to it, reply'd the Porter.

Dgerberi immediately commanded an Officer of Justice to go to the Mosque nearest to the House where this disconsolate Mother resided, and to arrive there just at the Close of the Day, to wait at the Gate for the Muezin, who proclaims the Prayers

Prayers upon the Minaret, to seize upon him, tye his Hands behind him, and conduct him before him. The Officer executed the Orders of *Dgerberi* punctually.

When the Muezin was in his Presence, he made him a great many Excuses for their ill Treatment of him, and order'd they should give him ten Sequins as a Recompence. He then made every Body withdraw, and commanded him to tell all those who ask'd why he had been seiz'd, that he was taken for another: But above all he recommended to him to proclaim the Prayer in the Middle of the Night, and to come down immediately from the Minaret, to give an Answer to those who came to know why he proclaim'd it at so unusual an Hour, with express Orders to remark him particularly who came the first to ask that Question.

The Muezin retir'd fully satisfy'd, and did as he was commanded. He had no sooner proclaim'd the Prayer, than a young Man came running to him and ask'd

ask'd him why he did so, and for what Reasons he was seiz'd the Evening before. The Muezin only told him that he had been taken for another. When an Account was given to *Dgerberi* of what had pass'd, he had the young Man who had testify'd so great a Curiosity brought before him, and had him bastonaded so severely, that he confess'd, with a most particular Detail, in what manner he had assassinat'd the Person who was found dead; he added, that the Dread of being discover'd rendering him attentive to every thing that pass'd which was extraordinary, had oblig'd him to come and inform himself of the Motive which caus'd the Prayer to be proclaim'd at so unusual an Hour, every thing being suspected by him, after the Crime that he had committed. *Dgerberi*, according to the Law, deliver'd up to the Mother the Murderer of her Son, and she demanded his Death, which was granted her.

The Vifier, struck with the Sense and Judgment of *Dgerberi*, wish'd to know his History; he related it to him; and that

that Minister reproach'd him for having embrac'd so mean a Profession as that of a Porter, and determin'd him to enter into the Troops which the Califf was then fending against the *Guebres*. He was glad to have the Appearance of giving a Recompence to Merit, whilst at the same time he sent away from the City a Man whom the Califf might wish to advance and to have about him, if he should happen to hear of him.

Dgerberi perform'd Prodigies of Valour and Strength in the Campaigns which he made against the *Guebres*. But trusting too far to his Courage, he was taken Prisoner; and at the time when his Enemies were deliberating upon what kind of Death they should make him feel, after having repeated the hundred and fifteenth Chapter of the Alcoran, he broke his Chains, strangled the Goaler, who would have oppos'd his Flight; and for fear of falling again into the Hands of his Enemies, he threw himself into the Desarts, where he wander'd a considerable time, and liv'd upon Fruit and

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and Roots. At length he found himself in a Forest, upon the Borders of the Sea, and mounted upon a Tree to sleep in Safety, and preserve himself from the wild Beasts that might have attack'd him.



THE



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
BLACK BULL.

WHEN the Night was come, he saw a Black Bull rise out of the Sea, who made most dreadful Bellowings, and then approach'd the Tree upon which he had mounted. It was easy for him to remark that this dreadful Animal let a Stone drop out of his Mouth which enlighten'd the whole Forest, and serv'd him to chuse out those Herbs and Flowers which were most agreeable to him, as Saffron and Hyacinths. *Dgerberi*, who had been brought up in the midst of Jewels, which his Father carry'd on a large Traffick in, doubted not but what he saw was a true Carbuncle, that uncommon and precious Stone which he had so

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often

often heard of, without having ever seen it; and struck with the Largeness and Lustre of this, when he was a little recover'd from the Fear which the Bull had given him, he was wholly occupy'd with the Means of seizing upon so great a Wonder of Nature.

When the Day appear'd, the Black Bull took up the Stone again, and return'd into the Sea. *Dgerberi* descended from the Tree, made his Prayer, gather'd some Fruits, and repair'd to the Banks of the Sea, where he steep'd some Earth till he made it moist, and took it carefully with him up to the Tree where he had slept the Night before. The Black Bull came as the preceding Night. He laid the Stone upon the Ground; and when he was at a little Distance searching for Herbs that were to his Taste, *Dgerberi* threw the Dirt that he had gather'd upon the Stone. The Bull not seeing the Light, precipitated himself into the Sea, after having made the most dreadful Bellowings; and *Dgerberi* seiz'd upon the Car-

Carbuncle, which had not its Equal in the World.

Dgerberi, satisfy'd with this Fortune, thought of nothing now but returning into his own Country. He was so fortunate as to find a Vessel which brought him to *Ormus*; he cross'd thro' *Perſia*; and knowing that the King of *Perſia* was very curious in Jewels and Precious Stones, and collected them from all Parts of the Universe, he made himself known as a Person who could produce the finest Stone that ever was seen. That Prince was then with a Merchant of *Balſora*, who had surprized him by the Magnificence, the Beauty, and the Number of the Jewels that he had shewn him. The King, glad to confound the Vanity of a Man who made such a pompous Exaggeration, at a time when he believ'd the most beautiful Jewels in the Universe were produc'd before him, ordered *Dgerberi* to enter. He appear'd just as the Merchant of *Balſora* was saying—Your Majesty ought not to be astonish'd, if I shew you so many Masterpieces of Nature.

When

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When you know in what manner I acquir'd them, you will not be surpriz'd. Ths King having testify'd that he should be glad to know how he had collected such Riches, the Merchant spoke thus:



T H E



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
FISHERMEN.

MY Father was poor, and a Fisherman by Profession; my three Brothers and myself were with him in his Boat; we cast our Nets, after having invok'd the Holy Prophet to grant us a favourable Draught; and it was with infinite Labour that we drew them up, their Weight was so enormous. At length we succeeded in drawing them to the Shore, and our Surprize was excessive when we perceiv'd a Fish which had a human Form. My Father propos'd to us to carry it to the City, and shew it to the People for Money. But this Sea-Man, after having look'd upon us as if he understood

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derstood us, astonish'd us still more when he spoke. I am, said he, an Inhabitant of the Waters, and a Creature of God as you are; give me my Liberty, and do not abuse that Sleep which made me fall into your Nets: If you grant me this Favour, I require but a very little time to bring you wherewith to raise a considerable Fortune. The Sea-Man moved us by his Entreaties, and swore to us by the great God, that there were twelve thousand Mussulmen in the Sea, and that he would engage a great Number of them to search for the Presents which he design'd to make us, in Acknowledgment for the Obligation he had to us for setting him at Liberty. At length we consented to what he demanded. He bid us adieu, desiring us to be in two Days at the same Place where we then were, and immediately we saw him plunge into the Sea. We return'd on the Day appointed, and were punctual to the Time of our Rendezvous. The Sea-Man appear'd, follow'd by several others of his own Species, who even seem'd to be highly submissive to him, and were loaded with a

prodigious Quantity of Jewels, which were presented to us by the Man to whom we had given his Liberty. The Jewels you see were of the Number; we quitted our Profession of Fishermen, after having settled our Father in such a manner as not to want for any thing: My three Brothers and myself divided into four Lots all that the Sea-Man had given to us; and we undertook the Business of Jewellers in the different Cities which we chose for our Establishment. The uncommon Beauty of the Jewels proves the Truth of this History, return'd the King with Admiration; and turning towards *Dgerberi*, he said to him, What dost thou answer to what thou hast seen and heard? Doubtless the Examination of so much Riches will prevent thee from exposing the Jewel which thou hast so much boasted of. My Lord, reply'd *Dgerberi*, if I had not already promis'd your Majesty to shew you one of the Miracles of the World, this History, and all the Jewels which I have seen, would have engag'd me to it. The Adventures of this Merchant, and my own,

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will prove that Chance is of greater Service in finding out the most valuable Things, than the most laborious Search can be. He then produc'd his valuable Carbuncle. The King was dazzled with it; and the Merchant of *Balsora* immediately put up all his Jewels and withdrew. *Dgerberi* said to the King, Oh Prince, this Piece deserving to belong to the greatest King upon Earth, ought not to go out of your Court: I intreat your Majesty to accept of it, and think myself too happy that Fortune has chose out me to present it to you. The King, touch'd by this Discourse, and touch'd with his Generosity, commanded his Vizier to give him immediately five hundred thousand Drachmas of Silver, a thousand Pieces of Brocade, two Horses, and ten Robes of Honour. This is not all, said the King; I desire to know in what manner this magnificent Carbuncle fell into your Hands. Not only your Highness shall know that, return'd *Dgerberi*, but all that has happen'd to the most faithful of your Slaves, if your Majesty has the Condescension to grant me a Moment's Audience.

ence. The King consented. He told him exactly what I have now related to your Majesty; and the King, charm'd with the just Sentiments that he discover'd in him, would never part from him, and made him his Visier. He possess'd the Charge for many Years, fill'd it with Honour, and kept it till his Death.



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THE
CONCLUSION
OF THE
HISTORY
OF
MORADBAK.

I Approve extremely of the Choice of this antient King of *Perſia*, said *Hud-jade*, and think a Man who has been try'd by Misfortune, and always preſerv'd his Mind in a perfect Equality, is worthy of governing the Universe. I wish I was happy enough to meet with such a Minister.

Moradbak, charm'd with this Discourse of the King's, feiz'd upon that Occasion

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of shewing her Gratitude to the Sage *Aboumelek*, and delivering him from his Captivity: My Lord, said she to him, your Majesty possesses an equal Treasure. If your Slave, added she, throwing herself at his Feet, has found Favour in your Sight, condescend to restore the Liberty of *Aboumelek*, who has these ten Years languish'd in Irons. It is to him, my Lord, that you owe the happy Tranquillity which seems to reign around you. Since I have had the Honour of appearing before you, 'tis he has instructed me every Day in what I was to relate to your Majesty. *Hudjadge* then recalling to his Memory the Imprisonment of *Aboumelek*, reproach'd himself for having oppress'd his Virtue, and at the same time felt a sincere Repentance for all the Cruelties that he had exercis'd; but he was not less mov'd by an Excess of Gratitude to *Moradbak*: Thy Beauty, said he to her, has already begun to make an Impression upon my Heart; thy Virtue has now subdued it entirely. The Archives of antient *Persia* add, that the King *Hudjadge*

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Hudjadge govern'd himself wholly for the future, by the Counfels of *Aboumelek* and *Moradbak*, that he placed her upon the Throne, that he espoused her publickly, and that he slept in quiet.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.



